

# FILM FUN

And The Magazine of Fun. Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined

PRICE 10 CENTS

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 PER YEAR

SEPTEMBER



COPYRIGHT, 1916,  
BY LESLIE-JUDGE CO., NEW YORK

DO I HEAR A LAUGH?

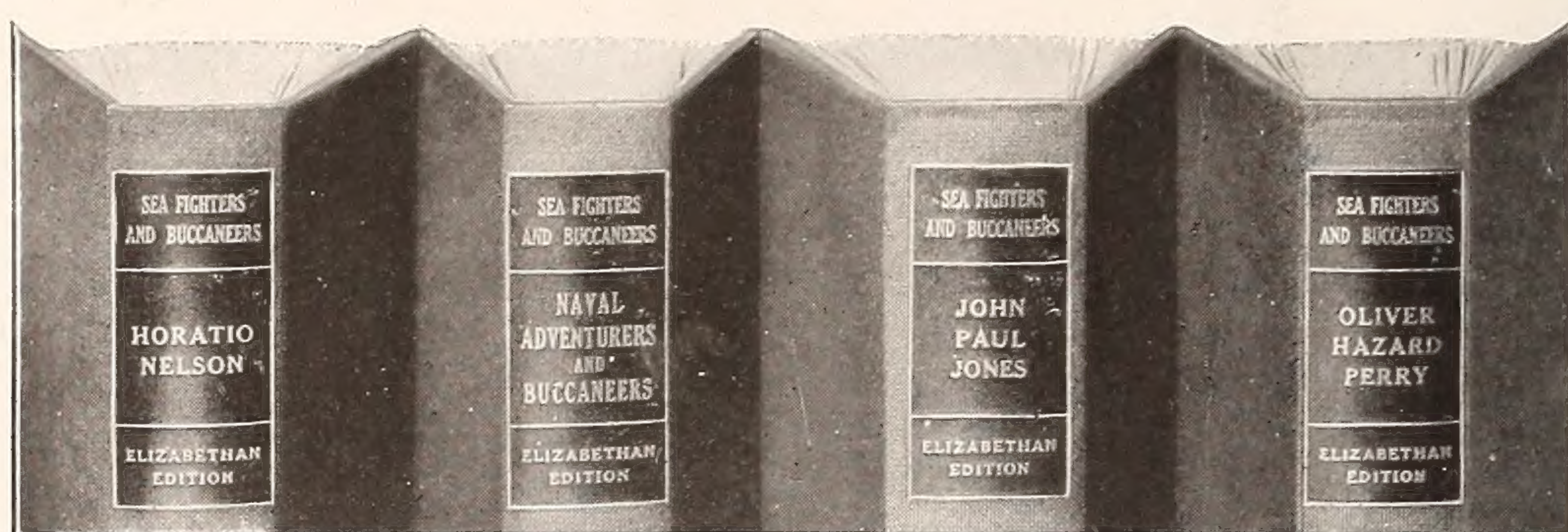


# Sea Fighters and Buccaneers

**D**O you know them—these sea fighters and naval adventurers?—men of initiative, of force, of splendid courage—men who in her hour of dire peril so gloriously responded to their country's call when she most needed men of action? Do you know how Southey, the great English poet, came to write the Life of Lord Nelson? Did you know that this is one of the greatest biographies in the language? Read this wonderful life of England's greatest naval hero, and the lives of John Paul Jones and Perry and the exploits of Drake, Cavendish and the other

“Fearless knights of the first renown,  
In Elizabeth's great array.”

Turn yourself loose on these thrilling narratives. They will fan that spark of militant manhood which a generation of soft living may have nearly extinguished.



And those heavy villains in the great drama of the colonization of the Western World—what sad sea dogs were those adventurers and buccaneers! How they hated the Don! How they loved to singe his black whiskers! With what glee they chased him up and down the Spanish Main and looted his treasure ships! But it was not all fighting and blood-letting, for we read:

“And the negro maids to Avès from bondage fast did flee,  
To welcome gallant sailors, a-sweeping in from sea.”

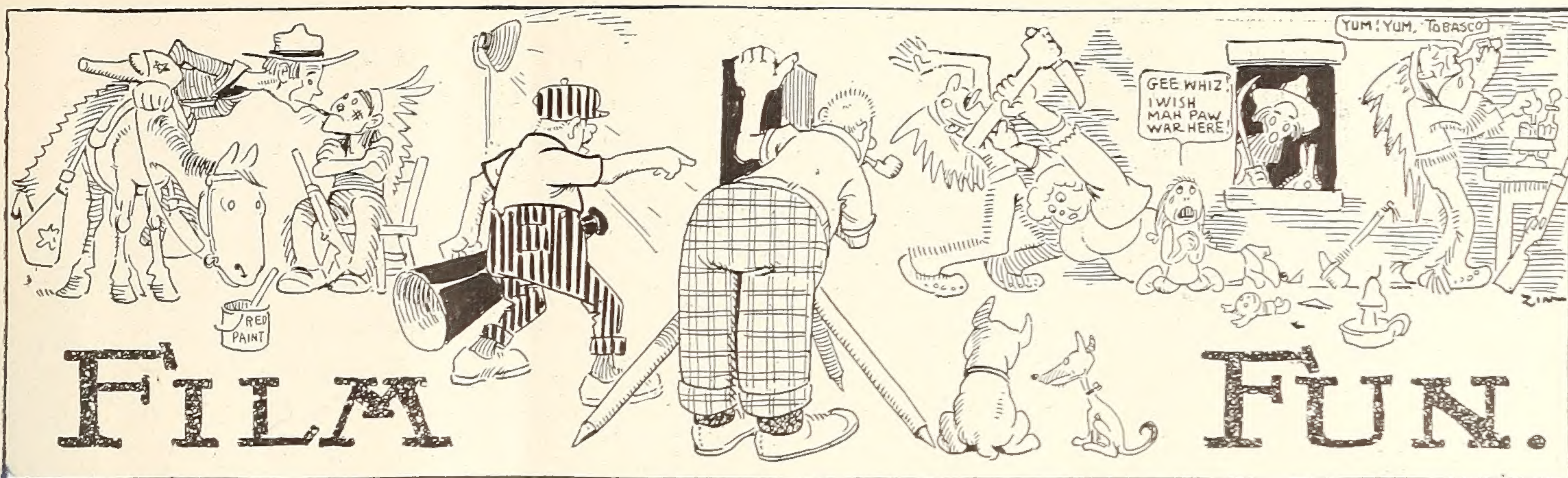
There are upward of 1600 pages in the four volumes, which are bound in a rich green, silk ribbed cloth, printed in large, clear type and illustrated. Each volume is 7½ x 5 inches. You can buy them **NOW** at a special bargain price of \$4.00 for the set—either cash with order, or by using your business or social stationery in ordering, \$1.00 with order and \$1.00 a month for three months following receipt of books—delivery charges prepaid—Money refunded if not satisfied.

**Brunswick Subscription Co., 407 Brunswick Bldg., New York**



AUG 24 1916

©CLB365632



Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined

Published monthly by

LESLIE-JUDGE COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK CITY.

John A. Sleicher, President. Reuben P. Sleicher, Secretary. A. E. Rollauer, Treasurer. Grant Hamilton, Art Director. Elizabeth Sears, Editor.  
225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Copyright, 1916, by Leslie-Judge Company, Publishers.  
Title registered as a trade-mark.

Entered at the post-office at New York  
as second-class matter.

Single Copies, 10 Cents

No. 330—SEPTEMBER, 1916

Subscription by the Year, \$1.00

## EDITORIALS

### The Fat Man in the Pictures.



A USE for the fat man has been found at last. He has discovered true uses of his adversity.

Fat men have complained—justly or unjustly—that people inclined to an excess of avoirdupois are not looked upon with favor by their friends. We are inclined to believe that it is not a fair charge. Fat people are invariably

of good cheer and good company to be thrown amongst, as Bill Nye so aptly remarked. The worries of the world affect them but little, and they have ever a good appetite for food or fun.

A fat man in Michigan, five feet in height and weighing 300 pounds, has found his vocation. He recommends all other fat people to follow his example, for he has found a line in which he and his mates are ever welcome.

He has gone into the motion pictures. He naively sets forth that he has tried all other forms of work, from firing on a railroad engine to working in a smelter. He finds he was not a success in any of these lines. His flesh refused to melt, and his employers failed to regard him seriously as an important adjunct. As a matter of fact, he was in a chronic state of being fired.

Desperately he determined to make an asset of what he had hitherto regarded as a fixed liability. He offered himself in the pictures and was received with whoops of joy by the director. He likes the work. He says all a fat man has to do to get a laugh in the pictures is to be natural.

And so the fat man has found his field in the picture comedy.

### Get Together



FILM FUN stands ready at all times to give any information possible to its readers. Scores of clubwomen in small towns, where opportunities to get in close touch with the motion picture industry are not to be had, write us for information on good programs, on good pictures for children, on better ways of getting the mothers interested in the picture shows.

We are glad to get these questions. We are glad to know that the people in the smaller communities are waking to their responsibility in the matter of the showing of clean pictures.

It isn't such a problem as you might think, once you get personally interested. You will find the exhibitors and managers more than glad to co-operate with you in the production of good pictures. They are just as anxious to please their patrons as you are to be pleased; but if they do not know what you want, how are they going to give it to you?

The managers are not mind readers, much as they might like to be.

Get together with the picture people in your community. Call around occasionally and let them know how you like the pictures. Tell them what you want and let them tell you the cost of the class of pictures that you are asking for.

Go fifty-fifty with the motion picture industry, and you will soon learn to demand surely and to know that the picture men can meet the demands of the community, once they know them.









BIOGRAPH

LINDA A. GRIFFITH, ARTHUR JOHNSON AND MACK SENNETT

"A beautiful sleet had covered the trees in Central Park, and we hurried out to photograph it, making up the scenario on the way."

electric lights as a Universal star, was May Fielding. It was her first part in a moving picture.

One of Mary Pickford's very first parts, if not the first, was in "The Lonely Villa"—as its name suggests, a melodrama of rather tense quality. Mary played a child of about twelve or thirteen. There were two younger sisters, and Marion Leonard was the mother. Mary wasn't playing a ragged child, however, but a very prettily dressed, aristocratic-looking youngster she was. Mary's salary was then twenty-five dollars a week, which represented a guarantee for three days' work. Naturally she wasn't expected to furnish real dresses for that sum, and the Biograph wardrobe being rather meager, I persuaded Mr. Griffith to let me buy Mary some real clothes. The money was furnished, and I hastened to Best's, where I bought a smart, pale blue linen, child's frock, blue silk stockings to match and a pair of patent leather pumps. When Mary was rigged out in these dainties, with her fluffy curls bobbing about her face, Owen Moore, a regular member of the company then, never took his eyes away from her, and we all knew that a romance had that day begun, culminating so happily a few years later in their marriage.

"Is Mary Pickford a good business woman?" is often asked, both in and out of the theatrical profession. For almost a child, I thought she was, for in that regard she gave me quite a shock one day. Mary was playing in a

picture in which she had had various experiences while trying to elope. One of the experiences was falling into the Passaic River from an overturned canoe. Dripping wet, as we rushed her back to the little hotel where we had made up to change her clothes, and with the automobile full of people, she naively looked up into Mr. Griffith's face and said, "Now, Mr. Griffith, do I get that raise?" And she got it!

At this time there were three leading women on a regular salary—Marion Leonard, getting thirty-five dollars a week; Florence Lawrence, the same; and Mary Pickford, twenty-five. I wasn't on a regular salary, as I didn't want to feel that I could be called on to work every day; but just the same I usually did, so averaged up pretty well. As we worked nights a great deal and received three dollars extra after seven p. m., often the people on checks made more at the end of the week than those on regular salaries, and injured feelings were sometimes the result.

Talking of working late at night brings to mind the first picture in which I remember Flora Finch. She, also, was a "five-dollar-a-day Biographer," and never dreamed then that she was to win international fame as a Vitagraph star with the late John Bunny. The scene in which we were working so late, or rather so early in the morning—it was three a. m.—took place in a "set-up" representing the interior of a moving picture theater. All the company





BIOGRAPH

Linda Griffith, Arthur Johnson and Marion Leonard, in "The Convert."

was "audience" in the theater, and Miss Finch was also "audience," only she had an "entrance" after we all were seated and watching the performance on an imaginary screen. She wore an enormous hat—and this is the plot of the story—so enormous that when she was seated, no one in back or to the side of her could see a thing. The man who ran this theater was ingenious, to say the least, for out of the unseen ceiling was dropped an enormous pair of supposed iron claws, that closed tightly on the hat and head of the shrieking Miss Finch, lifted her bodily out of her seat and held her suspended aloft in the studio heaven. How many times that scene was rehearsed and taken, I do not remember. It was so late, and we were all so sleepy, we stopped counting. Believe me, it was no easy task to lift out of her seat, by clutching claws about her head, even the so very slightly fashioned Flora Finch!

Many people believe that the moving picture serial is a rather recent innovation, and possibly recall as the first one Edison's "What Happened to Mary," featuring Mary Fuller. To Frank Woods, now manager of the Fine Arts studio, must credit be given for the first one, for a series of "Jones" pictures, relating the experiences of a Mr. and Mrs. Jones, were written by Frank Woods and produced by Mr. Griffith as far back as 1908. Each story was complete in itself, and the parts were played by Florence Lawrence and the late John Compson. In the supporting casts of these pictures were Mack Sennett, George Gebhardt, Miss Jeanne MacPherson (now scenario writer for Lasky

and whom Mr. Griffith always liked to use, as she had been abroad and had some very good-looking clothes), Owen Moore, Charles Inslee, Tony O'Sullivan, Arthur Johnson and Harry Salter.

"Mr. Jones at the Ball," "Mixed Babies," "His Day of Rest," "His Wife's Biscuits," "The Peachbasket Hat," "Her First Biscuits," and others will readily be recalled as the once famous "Jones" pictures, written by the man who collaborated with Mr. Griffith on the scenario of "The Birth of a Nation." As "Spectator" on the New York *Dramatic Mirror*, Mr. Woods also gave the public the first intelligent reviews of moving pictures and fought hard to have the *Dramatic Mirror* introduce a Moving Picture Department between its covers. In fact, great credit is due Mr. Woods for having blazed the trail to press recognition of motion pictures.

While many of the stars of to-day came humbly seeking work at the studio, when the type he was looking for didn't happen along, Mr. Griffith would ask help of the different dramatic agencies. In one of these agencies, Paul Scott's, one day when seeking new talent, he noticed a good-looking, manly chap just leaving the office. Mr. Griffith turned to Mr. Scott and said, "That's the man I want," and Frank Powell, one of the foremost directors of to-day, made his entry into moving pictures. His entrance also recorded a new departure. He was the first actor to be engaged for ten dollars a day.

(To be continued.)





VITAGRAPH

#### JOSEPHINE EARLE

Our "Off Guard" Number would not be complete without this Vitagraph Vampire, peacefully removing wicked bugs from her thriving cabbage patch. She is not afraid of the famous "cabbage snake," and pestiferous insects get out of her garden when they see her coming. Josephine Earle is a regular siren on the screen, but on her off days she pursues these peaceful paths of domestic felicity.

#### A Blue "Drop"

A satin bow, cerulean-hued,  
Is treasured in my vest.  
Miladi dropped it, when I wooed  
With proper "picture" zest.

I loved her then, I made a "hit"—  
'Twas in the studio;  
But, later, got the "movie mitt"—  
Miladi dropped a "beau"!

*Dorothy Harpur O'Neill.*



#### With a Full Cargo

The scene showed an actress selling her hair to obtain money to buy her husband a boat in which to fish for a living. After receiving the coin, the husband walked away, and later returned very much intoxicated.

"Faith," said an Irishman to his wife, "thot man invisted thot money in a bunch of schooners."



#### Making Light of It

A death scene had just been reeled off. Little Tommy, turning to his mother, said,

"Mamma, why do people always die with their eyes shut in the movies?"

"Why," replied the startled mother, "I suppose because the light won't hurt their eyes."

#### Figuratively Speaking

The "rough-house" comedy on the screen seemed to bring sad memories to the mind of a rather dilapidated negro in the audience, who was the possessor of a black eye, a swollen lip and various other injuries.

"Lem," he remarked to his ebony companion, "I sho had *some* trouble with mah girl to-night."

"Whassamattah?" asked Lem. "Did she hand yo' th' mitten?"

"Th' mitten!" exclaimed the dilapidated one. "Man, she done hand muh both fists an' a flatiron!"



#### His Initial Bow

*Bonn*—What makes Kross so good-natured this morning?

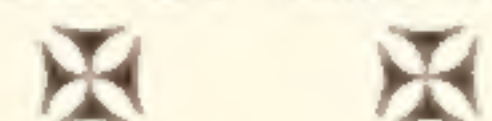
*Tonn*—He had a son and heir make its first appearance on the screen of life last night.



#### Easily Figured Out

*Teacher*—If you had five cents, and I gave you two cents, what would you have?

*Tommy*—An afternoon at the movies and two lolly pops.



#### Not Original

*Tip*—I had an idea I could sell a scenario.

*Tap*—You are not the only one who had the same idea.





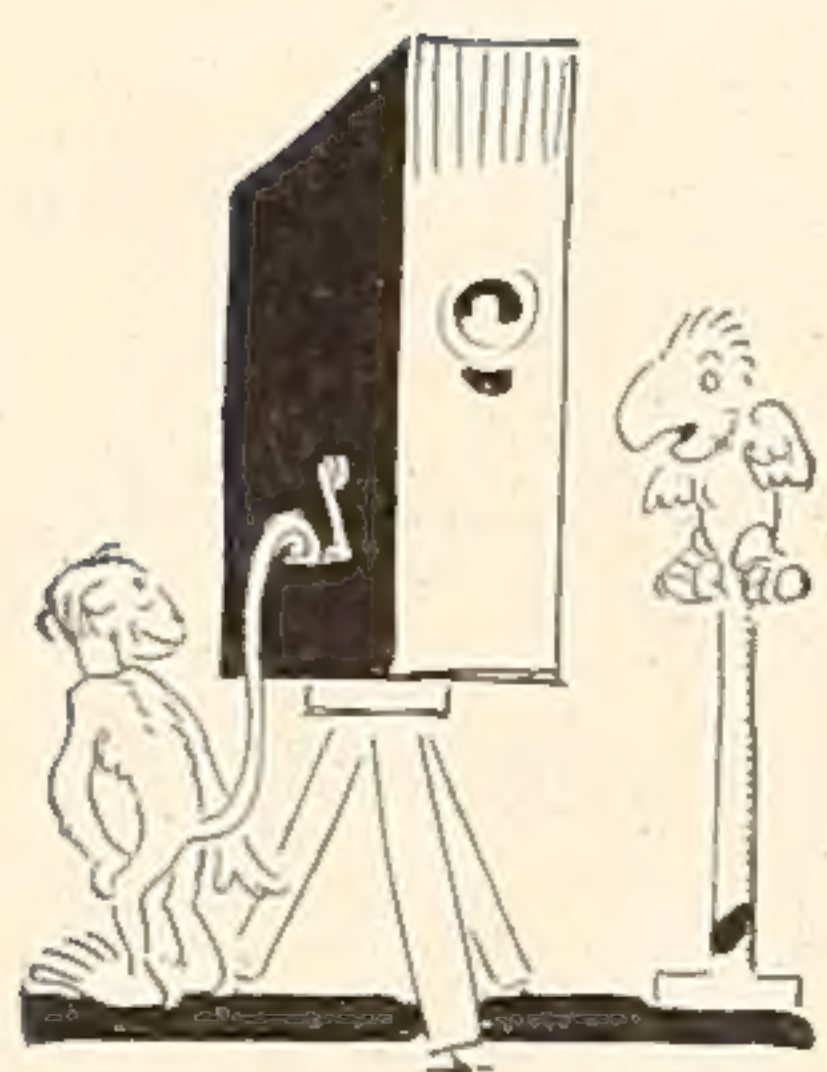
ALICE HOLLISTER.

She didn't look to me like a woman who had murdered 9,897,659 people in her day, not to speak of having been choked and stabbed and shot a few times herself.

## A Vampire Off Guard

Alice Hollister Has a Secret and Consuming Grievance Concerning Her Husband's Camera

By ELIZABETH SEARS



NOT BUT what she respects and admires this camera, famous on several continents; but she regards it as a serious rival. Anyway, that is what she says.

There are so many vampires clogging the market nowadays, with tragic faces and passionate cigarettes, that it is difficult to think of a time when there was only one vampire—one timid, shrinking, but ambitious little vampire, vamping all alone by herself. Alice Hollister created the vampire parts.

"Funny thing," said this pleasant little vampire, pulling a comfy chair up by a broad window, where a pleasant breeze played peek-a-boo with a filmy curtain, and handing her visitor a fan and a cushion. "Lots of people seem to think that when we act vampire parts so much, we must look and live like vampires. Do you see anything vampirish about me?"

I took a critical glance. She didn't look like a lady who had murdered 9,897,659 people in her six years on the

screen, not to speak of having been choked, stabbed and otherwise put to death a few dozen times on her own account.

It is recorded of her that once in the early days of her vampiring, an aspiring young actress, then just essaying vampire parts and eager to put considerable more "thicker-and-thinner" passion into them than Miss Hollister thinks wise, walked up to the latter, who was sitting peacefully on the veranda of a Jacksonville hotel, and demanded,

"You're Miss Hollister, aren't you? Would you mind just getting up and walking down to the end of the porch, so I can see how you do it?"

Miss Hollister is the soul of gentleness and courtesy, and although her pretty face betrayed a bit of astonishment, she did as requested.

"Thanks," said the actress shortly. "I guess I can get it all right!"

\* \* \* \* \*

PUTTERING domestically about her own house, Miss Hollister looks more like a hospitable soul who knows how to make her guests thoroughly comfortable than a





George Hollister and his famous camera, with seventeen inventions of his own that make it the most valuable camera in existence.

roaming vampire lady. Between you and me, I think her husband, George Hollister, is a mighty lucky man. Not because he is considered one of the best camera men in the business, but because he is the husband of Alice Hollister.

"Smiling comes naturally to me at home, but not in picture work," she explained, pulling the ears of her favorite little kitten. "I suppose that is because I began with the serious work. Really, I do not care much for comedy, and yet I seem to be always mixed up in it off the stage."

Miss Lindroth, of the Famous Players, began to laugh softly. Miss Lindroth had come to spend the day with her old friend, in a breathing space at the studio, before she went into rehearsals on Valentine Grant's new Scotch play.

"Do you remember what I think was the funniest thing I ever saw?" she reminded Miss Hollister. "It was when we were rehearsing for a play on the St. John's River, in Florida, when you

were doing a water stunt. You see, Alice does not care much for the water stunts. She would prefer to do her vampiring on dry land. But the script called for a drowning and floating act, and Alice had to float gracefully, with her hands folded on her breast. She is not strong on floating, so it was arranged that an expert diver should remain submerged under water and hold her under the waist. Summoning all her fortitude—for she is afraid of the water—she essayed the scene, begging them, with what few breaths she could afford as a drowning heroine, to make it short. When it was all over, she was pulled ashore with a thankful heart.

"It was a most successful scene, save that when it was developed, it was discovered that the expert diver had lost control of one foot, which floated, bare and a trifle large, right alongside Alice's small tootsie. It gave her a queer effect of having three perfectly good feet, one several sizes larger than the other two. And the floating stunt had all to be done over again!"

"I was just as scared as Alice," confided her husband. "I knew how afraid she was of the water."

"Just the same, you think more of your camera than you do of me," she said, grinning saucily up at her husband from her couch, where she sat playing with her fluffy kitten.

"Show her the camera," pleaded Miss Lindroth suddenly. "Show it to her, George. It is unlike any camera in the world. It has about forty inventions of his, all made out of sewing machines and bicycle pumps and shaving boxes and hairpins and —"

"Only seventeen inventions," interposed Mr.



"I'll forgive you, George," said Alice Hollister; "at the same time, I still believe you like your camera better than you do me."





Hollister, who is a very serious man. He removed himself carefully from the window ledge and opened the box that held the camera. Hollister never waits for anybody to invent things for him. If he is forty miles from a shop, he takes a piece of his wife's sewing machine and converts it into a valuable patent. Sometimes he uses part of a bicycle spring, and once, after experimenting for a long time, he went down to a ten-cent store and picked up an aluminum saucepan that was just the thing. That camera is famous all over the world. And next to his family, George Hollister guards it with jealous care.

"Alice always throws that up to me," he said, as he opened it and explained the different inventions that make it the most valuable camera in the world. "All because once, on a jaunting car in Ireland, she thought I looked after the camera first."

"So you did," she said plaintively. "There I was, strained in every muscle from that long, horrible, jolty ride, and waiting for George to come and help me out, and there was George, running to hand out his camera as if it had been an infant in arms, and leaving me to tumble out the best way I could!"

"I leave it to you," began Mr. Hollister, with some excitement. "You look like a reasonable person. Here was a camera and box full of valuable films that it had cost the company thousands upon thousands of dollars to get, and the least tumble or shake might have spoiled them. My wife had two good feet to help herself to the ground with, and, much as I love her, I could not risk those films. I ask you—did I do right?"

"Mr. Hollister, sir," I replied solemnly, "in my opinion, sir, you did the only thing to be done."

We shook hands soberly, and Alice Hollister gazed meditatively at those "two good little feet," shod in very smart shoes, and then flashed a divinely forgiving smile at her husband.

"I'll forgive you, George," she said, encouraging a dimple that has an apartment in her left cheek to come out and peek at the company. "But I was in a good humor for a vampire part that afternoon, all right, wasn't I?"

"What is your interpretation of a vampire part?" I asked hurriedly. Having fervently agreed with her husband, I feared lest I might be in her bad graces. But she forgave me with the same charming, dimpling smile.

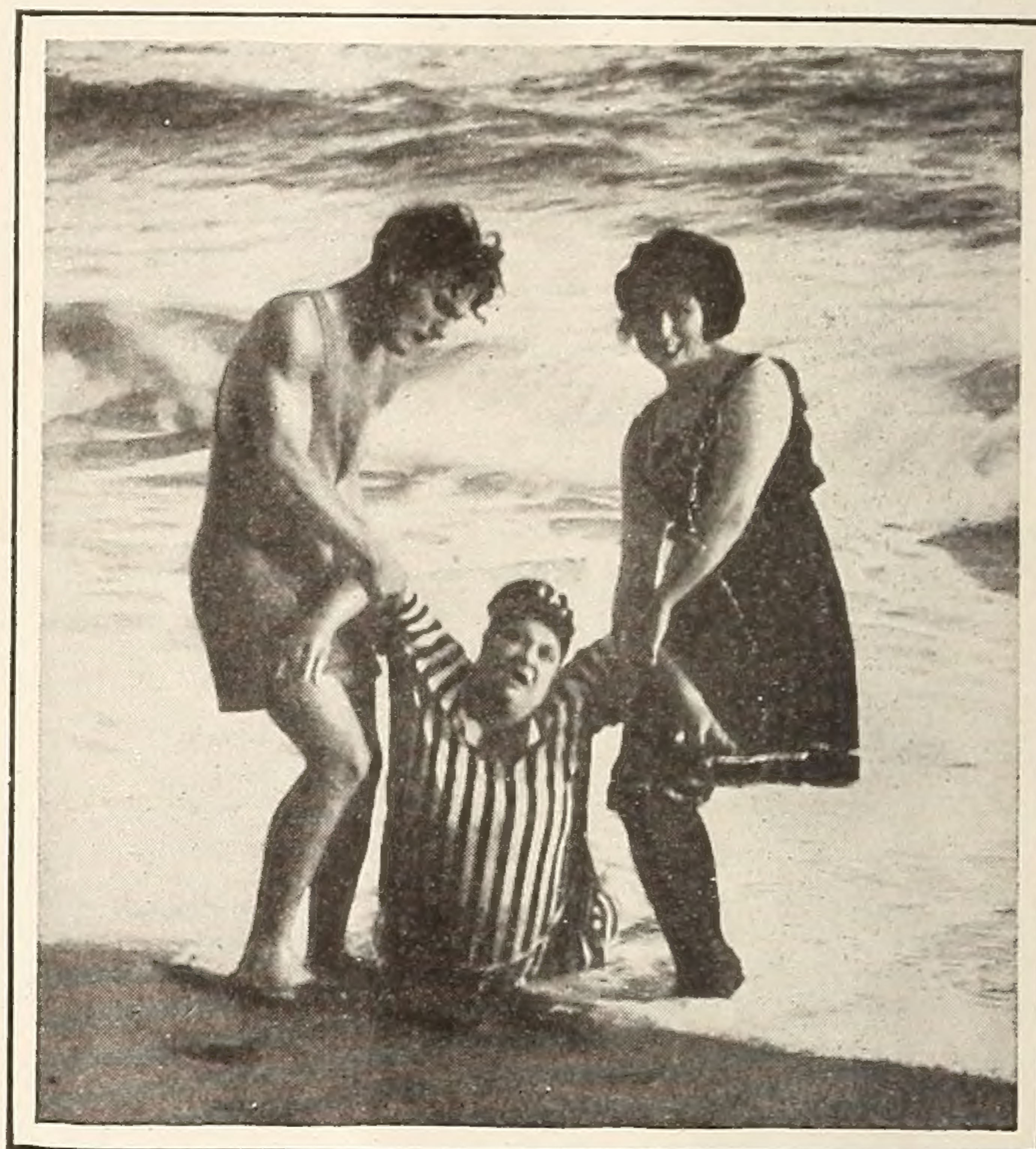
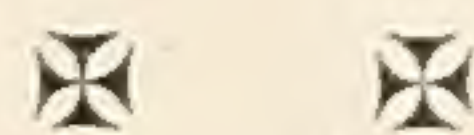
"I like to make my vampires psychological studies rather than physical types," she said. "I cannot see where one gains by sacrificing any intrinsic value of delicacy for a false value that amounts to coarseness. Suggest the lure rather than boldly employ cigarettes and divans and voluptuous draperies. The vampire of the soul rather than of the body. Sometimes, don't you see, it may be an inherent obsession that drives, drives, drives a tormented woman to do the things that her heart and instinct cry out against.



One must study all the time to determine the exact shade of tragedy in each different character. There is a chance for versatility. This is what makes the vampire part so fascinating."

Nevertheless, Miss Hollister can laugh. Suddenly, as she had dressed to go out upon the street, her canary by the window burst out into a trill of unexpected song.

"The darling!" she murmured, going to the cage to smile up at him. "It is the first time he has sung for me since we brought him from Jacksonville. We were afraid he was homesick and might never sing again. Just listen to him."

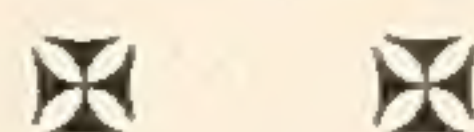


The players are, left to right, Victor Rottman, Myrta Sterling and Ethel Teare. The picture is "A Watery Wooing." In the story Victor overcomes the mother's objections to him by a fake rescue of Ethel from a watery grave. Then, when mother gets in too deep herself, Victor proves a four-flushing hero, for he can't even swim.

### A Considerate Patient

A famous specialist of Los Angeles tells this story:

In making examinations he uses dark crayon to mark the body, while his assistant records the result of his examination. A motion picture extra who had been examined called several weeks afterward and said, "Doctor, would it be all right to wash off those marks now?"



### Stars and Bars

"Don't you think it would be a good idea to have actors wear a band around their sleeve, as policemen do, for every five years of service?" said H. A. Barrows to Betty Schade, who plays opposite William Farnum in the Fox master production, "The Man from Bitter Roots."

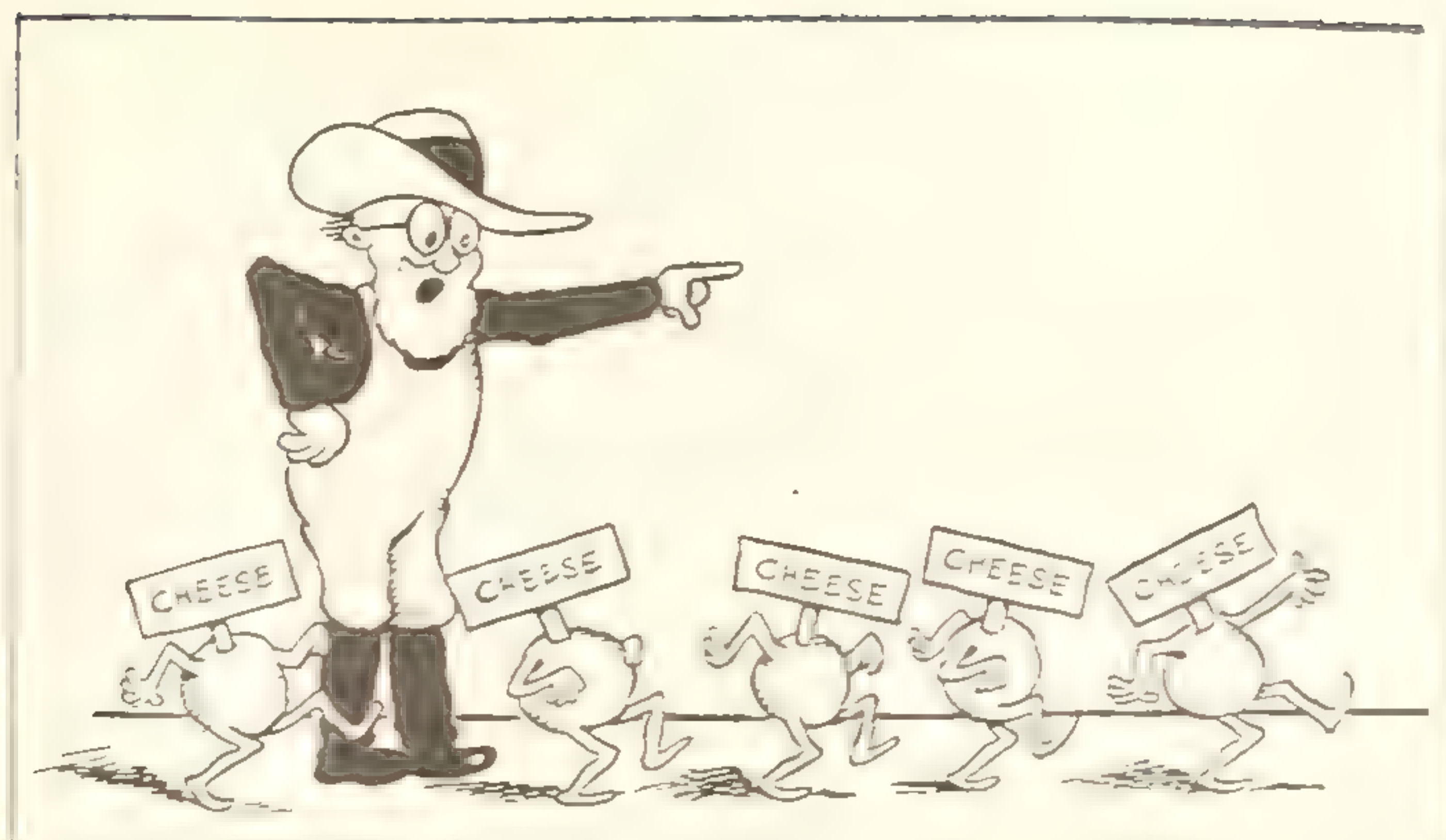
"I think it would be a whole lot better," Miss Schade replied sweetly, "if many of them had to wear stripes."





PARAMOUNT-BRAY

Farmer Alfalfa and his Tentless Circus are having a lively rehearsal, with odds in favor of the pig.



PARAMOUNT-BRAY

Farmer Alfalfa brought his scientific experiments to such a fine point that his hens hatched out animated cheeses.

### Don't Stay in the Shade, Then

"PRETTY soft for you, huh, out there on the Pacific coast, where there are no sharks and the weather is endurable," wrote an actor friend to Frank Borsage, who was directing a five-part feature, "Land o' Lizard," for the American-Mutual, at the time.

"You bet it is!" said Mr. Borsage, when he read the letter. "It reminds me of the time we went down into the Santa Ynez country, in southern California, to get the desert scenes. It was hotter than Billy-be-dummed—temperature 125 half the time. One day one of the men kicked vigorously at having to play in the hot weather.

"Look here, Borsage!" he protested. "It's 118 in the shade, man! You cannot ask us to work with the thermometer 118 in the shade."

"Well," I said soothingly, "you don't have to work in the shade. Get out in the sun."



PARAMOUNT-BRAY

Farmer Alfalfa fires repeated shots at the invader of his melon patch, but the latter goes right on eating.

### Something To Say

The young actor had just failed in a scene from "The Grip of Evil," the great picture that Balboa is engaged in filming for Pathe, and the director had gently but firmly admonished him. He was earnest and painstaking, but his acting was wooden.

"You look the part, all right," said

the director. "Why can't you act it?"

"Give me something to say," almost tearfully appealed the actor, "and I'll put it over for you."

"All right. Say what you want to. Go over there and write your speech, and we'll try again in fifteen minutes."

And fifteen minutes later the boy put the same scene over with a smash.

He had lines to speak, and the lines helped his acting immeasurably.

When it was all over, the director said,

"I have believed for a long time that speaking helps acting before the camera, and it may be that we shall see speaking parts written into the working scenarios in the not distant future. The screen game changes every day."

✕ ✕

### Well Turned

Friend—Do you turn many screen actors out here?

Director—Turn them out? Why, we can't get rid of them fast enough!

## Photoplay Fans

By JAMES G. GABLE

AT NIGHT when I come home, you know,  
'Tis then we have our fun;  
We hie us to the picture show,  
When supper things are done.  
We see dumb brutes in combats rare,  
Just as they did of old,  
With other sights to raise our hair  
And make the blood run cold.

The widow's little baby dies,  
To music sad and slow.  
We cannot stop the gusty sighs—  
The world is filled with woe.  
The villain turns the old folks out—  
You ought to hear us hiss!  
But when he's foiled beyond a doubt,  
We can't contain our bliss.

We see the dam blown up at night,  
And almost scream aloud.  
The villain then gives us a fright;  
We sit with sorrow bowed.  
The maiden fair is chased from home;  
With rage we grip our seats.  
With falt'ring steps she starts to roam;  
The rain comes down in sheets.

But lovers meet where bright stars shine,  
And as they softly kiss,  
Wee wifie slips her hand in mine—  
It is my hour of bliss.  
So every night, when work is done,  
Whatever winds may blow,  
We hurry up to see the fun,  
At our great picture show.





VITAGRAPH

"Will you kindly step aside," politely asked the director. "Otherwise you will be in the picture."  
 "I have every intention of being in this picture," replied Father, firmly.

## Father Breaks in the Pictures

Filming De Luxe

By F. GREGORY HARTSWICK



We had motored all day and were distinctly tired. The rambling building of Briarcliff Lodge promised rest and refreshment, and James, our irreproachable chauffeur, gave the car an extra bit of gas. We whirled up the winding ascent to the lodge and were greeted enthusiastically by the doorman. As the numerous bags were being removed and James was asking the way to the garage, I noticed that mother was looking at the shady piazza with a gaze of frozen horror. I followed her glance and stared in my turn. For surely such a sight comes but once in the lives of weak mortals. In a rocker sat a lady—but such a lady! Her gown was the last thing in extremes, her face was a chalky white with powder, her eyes were darkly outlined with liberal—too liberal—applications of the pencil, her eyebrows were arched like cathedral domes, her lips were absurdly bowed in the brightest carmine—she was a sight for gods and men to wonder at! I said—But never mind. Suffice it that my remarks were uncomplimentary. Even father thought "she'd overdone it a bit." But dinner beckoned, and cooling drinks; so we sent James on with the car and betook ourselves to our rooms.

I had a pressing engagement with Colonel Bogey the following morning, so I arose bright and early. As I strolled out to the course—the Briarcliff links are just a pleasant walk away from the hotel, and although cars are

to be had for the asking, a walk in the fresh morning air is infinitely preferable—I noticed a white car, of uncertain vintage, but unmistakable racing lines, with a most immaculate chauffeur and a man in a Palm Beach suit busy at the number pendant. I paused to observe, and saw, to my horror, that they were taking off the safe and sane New York license and putting on another—a mystic combination of letters and figures that meant nothing to me. I passed on, darkly meditating. What villainy were they contemplating? Were they pirates of the road, who were changing their numbers the better to escape justice? Or were they murderers and kidnappers, who were attempting to throw the bloodhounds of the law off the track by this device? I pictured myself as the star witness in the crowded courtroom, describing how I had seen the number being changed; I saw the faces of the two villains pale as my damning evidence, given in a clear, loud tone, sent them to their doom—The first tee loomed before me, and I forgot my dream of fame.

I was wandering back to the hotel, with my mind full of that peace which cometh only to those who have played over a new course, and, playing, have won the regard and favorable comment of the caddie, when my brother appeared around the corner of the hotel, his eyes full of news and his mouth full of words. And I heard behind me a warning whir and saw a limousine flash past, with the same immaculate chauffeur driving—and by his side a beautiful girl, wrapped in a shawl, her face white, her eyes closed, in a dead faint on his shoulder!





Valentine Grant, a Famous Players star, made a friend of one of Bill Snyder's pets at the Zoo recently. Pet is an elephant and it turned out its entire bag of tricks cheerfully for Miss Grant's entertainment, while its mate trumpeted jealously in its apartment behind the happy group.

I dropped my clubs with a clatter and ran. I dashed under the porte-cochère and saw a crowd congregated at the farther end of the piazza. The limousine had stopped, and people were running out to it. I heard cries of distress. I saw the much-painted lady whom I had observed the evening before leap from the steps and fling the door of the car wide and slam it with such vigor that the pane of glass in it fell in tinkling fragments on the road. And I heard a disgusted voice say,

"Hang it all! Now you've ruined that piece! Go back and do it over—and don't be so much in a hurry to slam the door this time!"

The limousine swung around the loop of the drive, back to its starting place. The beautiful girl was rearranging herself in a new posture indicating unconsciousness. The painted lady retreated to the piazza, where she waited, somewhat in the attitude of a sprinter on his mark, for the car to come up. And I saw. Mine eyes had been holden, but now I saw. It did not take the glittering three-legged instrument with the perspiring man at the crank or the be-megaphoned god from the machine to show me. I was at the very fountain-head of a moving picture!

Once more the limousine sped from the shelter of the porte-cochère. Once more the painted lady sprang to the door and opened it—this time without breaking anything. Once more the fainting miss was carried tenderly up the steps, where she stood up and breathed a sigh of relief. And the director seemed satisfied.

"All right. Now for the next one—the farewells," he said.

I had not noticed father during the excitement. But now I looked around for him. He was standing immediately in front of the camera, the light of conquest in his

eyes. To him cautiously approached the director. "Will you please move a little to one side?" said that worthy.

"Why, I'm quite comfortable here," was the reply.

"But you'll be in the picture!"

"I have every intention of being in the picture," replied father, in the tone that he uses when he is addressing a jury.

The director looked puzzled. This was evidently a new occurrence in his life. Then his brow cleared.

"I'll give you a chance later on," he said, with a grin. (He had a charming grin.) "You get in that group up there and wave good-by. We'll need a lot of guests for that."

So father entered the group of the chosen and waved vigorously, with his eyes, I fear, more on the camera than on the departing vision of the beautiful girl and the immaculate chauffeur in the ancient but racy white car.

At luncheon that day we learned more about the screen folk. It was the Vitagraph Company, intent on filming a new production—"The Scarlet Runner" was the title, I remember—and they were at Briarcliff Lodge for a week. Knowing Briarcliff Lodge's rates per day, I was constrained to hope that the picture would be a success. The company must have had a heavy deficit, otherwise. They had taken a number of pictures elsewhere, among these the accident of which the snatches we had seen were the forerunners and followers. The picture was to be a serial, and we had seen a part of the formulation of one chapter. Also, father had been immortalized. We were well content.

So now I haunt the Vitagraph Theater, in the hope of seeing "The Scarlet Runner," with the painted lady and the beautiful girl—and father.





GAUMONT-MUTUAL

Gertrude McCoy spends all her spare time in her garden.



AMERICAN FILM CO.

Richard Bennett and his two small daughters feeding the deer in the American Film corral



AMERICAN-MUTUAL

Mary Miles Minter has just won a game of tennis.



TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

William Hart dikes out to call on a friend.



BALBOA

When Ruth Roland has a day off, she gets all the kiddies she can find and is off for a merry-go-round.



VITAGRAPH

Jules Cowles spent a good deal of spare time raising a beard for his part as Asticot in "The Girl Phillipa."



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

Mack Sennett asking Mabel Normand how she liked New York

We wrote to these screen stars in their off time.



# Off Guard



BALBOA

Give Lois Meredith a cozy waking hour and somebody's baby to pet, and she is happy.



FAMOUS PLAYERS-PARAMOUNT

Marguerite Clark bidding her bird a cheery good-morning.



CENTAUR

Margaret Gibson loves to revert to childish days, when dolls and picture books made life worth living.



VITAGRAPH

Hughey Mack may get in but who is to help him out.



BALBOA

"Now, Norman," says Henry King to his caddy, "we'll take a run out and tie a knot in my golf score."



BALBOA

"It looks as though I'm up a tree," admits Jackie Saunders.



TRIANGLE

Fairbanks and Fay Tincher giving a musical act.

to ask what they did is their answer.





MOROSCO

In the Garden



Vivian Martin



A DAY with Vivian Martin is a fairly strenuous day. Little Vivian Martin is built

on springs of wireless energy, and she believes in making every hour in the day count for something. Once in a while she gets a day off from the studio, and she has a lot of fun with that day. It is

apt to be more weary than she is by the time it is ready to retire for the night and let the stars have a show. Miss Martin does not see why eight perfectly good hours should be allowed to run around loose without being used wisely.

"I declare, I really don't know just how I do spend my days off," she mused, holding up her haughty little dog and trying to blow a strand of roving hair off her cheek with the corner of her mouth. The little lock of hair blew right straight back, and who could blame it? The small dog looked on distantly and gave way to a bark now and then, when he felt that the visitors were not noticing him.

"I romp around a good deal with the pup," said Miss Martin, with a nice, friendly smile. The dog barked. He had been thinking all the while he was a regular dog. "It makes him mad to call him a pup," explained Miss Martin. "I only do it to tease him. His real name is Dulcimer."

"But isn't Dulcimer a feminine name?" suggested the visitor delicately. "Or was I mistaken in thinking I heard you refer to it as 'him'?"

"Sure," agreed Miss Martin promptly. So there you are. She refuses to explain why she calls the dog "Dulcimer," except that she likes the dog and she likes the name. Which is about as good a reason as any, when you dig down to basic principles.

"First I romp with Dulcimer," she went on—"after I have had my breakfast, you know. I am not so keen on this early morning stuff. Breakfast is my next objective point after I am dressed. Then I sit around in the summer arbor—that is, I call it an arbor; but for publication purposes don't you think it would sound more exclusive if we called it a pergola or something like that?"

That's what it is, then—a pergola, all bunched up with flowers and vines and comfortable chairs. Here Miss Martin takes her sewing and uses up an hour or two at em-

With

broidering and even putting a dainty little darn or two in a tablecloth and napkin or a pair of hosiery. She isn't a bit too upstage to take a healthy interest in keeping her clothes mended and anchoring a hook and eye or a button occasionally. She has a specialty, too, in sewing. She makes the cleverest little underthings you ever saw. She held one up to view. It was of pink wash satin, with strips of lace all worked in leaves and flowers in blue, and little—whadycallems—French knots?—all over it.

"I know what that is," triumphantly announced a male visitor, who had accidentally sauntered into the scene. "My sister makes 'em all over the place. That's a casserole."

"It is not a casserole," blushed Miss Martin. "A casserole is a dish that you bake things in. Anyhow, you have no business around here when we are talking about our embroidery."

"It is, too, a casserole," muttered the male visitor stubbornly. "I guess I've heard my sister"—

"It's a camisole, you idiot!" whispered his sister. "You wear them under a thin shirtwaist. Lots of girls make them. See how you've gummed up the parade here. Get out, do, and stay out."

"They tell me you are some cook, too," blundered the visitor, trying to iron out the situation.

Miss Martin put away her sewing and rose to the situation nobly.

"Cook?" she said. "That is my middle name. Every morning I go to market and take my little Dulcimer dog for an airing and buy what I want for dinner. Kitchen utensils have no terrors for me. I can subjugate them with one hand. They fall right in line before me when I enter a kitchen and obey my slightest bidding. If you have never seen me stir up a blueberry cake or an old-fashioned gingerbread or a mess of young rusks, you have missed something."

"There's one good thing about Vivian's cooking, too," observed a young friend. "Her efforts are largely eatable."

"I've a recipe for canteloupe salad," observed Miss Martin dreamily, "that seems to be right popular."

"I'll say this for Vivian," interposed another friend. "I'll come up to dinner with her any time and glad of the



chance, especially if she has cooked it herself. Could I say more?"

"And then, along toward sunset," mused Miss Martin, absentmindedly reaching for the tea tray, upon which reposed a plate of cinnamon toast, crisp and tender and spicy with cinnamon, "I like to wander out in the flowers and select my bouquets for the next day. I love every flower that is in season."

"I should say she does," said one of her friends. "Vivian buttons on a little dimity gown and wanders around bareheaded in the garden and out in the daisy fields and comes in loaded with blossoms and covered with red ants and chiggers."

Miss Martin frowned portentously.

"Don't mind her," she said gently. "She loves to joke. Don't you want to come out and see my garden?"

Daisies bloomed there waist-high—Miss Martin's waist. She bent tenderly over the flowers and talked to them and called them pet names.

"Flowers know what you are saying," she said, with a wise little twinkle in her eye. "They love to have you pet them. See those pink begonias over there? I visit with them every morning, and they bloom their darling little heads off for me. And that row of tea roses over there know when I am coming out for a chat with them. They hold up their blossoms so proudly and fairly blush with pleasure when I praise them. 'Deed and 'deed, flowers can talk—I know it."

So we left little Vivian Martin in her garden, looking after the camera man as we rode away. Her day was almost over, and she had used up every minute in it. And when it was gone, she would go to her room and kick off her shoes and go to the window to say good-night to the stars and yawn and shake out her hair and say,

"It's a good old world, and thank goodness there's another glorious day right ahead of me, to have twelve good hours of fun with."

### ✠ ✠ Exposed

The picture on the screen, a society drama, showed two women in evening gowns seated with their backs to the audience, the gowns covering very little of the aforesaid backs.

"Pat, an' whot do yez think uv thot?" asked an Irishman in the audience.

"Shure," remarked his friend, "Oi'd call ut a case uv double exposure."



MOROSCO

She can stir up gingerbread and blueberry cake and canteloupe salad.



MOROSCO

Goodbye!

### Heartrending

He was telling his friends of a wonderful moving picture he had seen the night before.

"It was stupendous, magnificent!" he said. "There must have been a thousand people in the scene. The great Coliseum was thronged. The vast assembly rose in tiers"—

"Ah," broke in the chronic idiot, "it must have been an awfully sad scene, wasn't it?"



### Inside Information

It was a scientific picture of the educational type, showing X-ray views of the various organs in the human body.

"Glory, Sam," exclaimed a negro in the audience, "ain't dat wondehful!"

"Niggah," replied his companion, in a vastly superior tone, "dat's jist what dey call one ob dese here interior scenes."



### The White Hopeless

They were showing one of the usual pink-tea "fight" scenes, and two small messenger boys in the audience became deeply disgusted.

"Golly, Jimmie," broke out one urchin suddenly, "dat big guy wit' th' wild-man hair-cut fights like a cheese!"

"Yeah," agreed Jimmie, "he's rotten. Why, he'd make a ten-round bout out of lickin' a postage stamp!"



### Legs Were Necessary

May (out of breath)—I've run my legs off in order to get here to see the manager about appearing in the chorus scene.

Fay—If that is the case, you'll not have a leg to stand on.



### A Bust Scene

A poor, shaky old sculptor sat idly down;

As they say in the movies, he registered a frown.

"In all this big city no barkeep will trust,

So it's quite impossible to finish my 'bust.'"



### Heard in a Studio

"One can read her face like a book," said Miss Pry.

"Of that there's no doubt," answered Miss Guy.

"It's easy to see, since her beauty has flown, That the cover designs are all her own."





INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

Up at six, a cold shower—ug-g-h!—a simple breakfast of fruit, cereal, bacon, eggs, toast and coffee, and time for a breezy canter to the studio. Some stars prefer autos, but Howard Estabrook, International star, says nothing beats a good horse, a straight road and a fine morning.

## Howard Estabrook Off Guard

**Screen Drama is Hard Work and Screen People Must Religiously Keep in the Pink of Condition**

**"THIS** screen stuff is no dilettante life," said Howard Estabrook, emerging from his dressing-room, fresh and cool in white flannels. "Every screen star must keep in the pink of condition, and keeping in good condition means a lot of work."

"But all the screen stars do not have cars and horses and valets and trainers," it was suggested.

"You don't need 'em," said Mr. Estabrook. "If you have two good legs to walk with and a convenient doorway for exercise, you can keep yourself in fine condition. Look here——"

Back into his dressing-room he went and emerged once more with his athletic trunks on.

"You see this doorway?" he said. "It must be a poor screen actor who hasn't a doorway to call his own. The average



INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

"This is my Samson stuff—only need a doorway."

wainscoting will stand a lot of strain, and this series of what I call 'Samson movements' is just as good in its way as the medicine ball, the tennis courts or the horseback rides. Naturally all of us are quick enough to use these luxuries when we can get them, but a cold shower and a doorway will keep anyone in condition for the picture stunts."

The screen star rapidly went through a set of exercises in the doorway. He braced himself against one side and tried to push the side of the wainscoting out of commission. Then he stood straight, threw his hands into the air and gracefully bent down and fondly patted the rubber mat beneath his feet. His secretary is a terror with the medicine ball, but Estabrook sent it smashing at him until the secretary was glad to admit that he had had enough.



## Chester Conklin,

Who Appears on the Cover Page of This Number as the Famous Keystone Walrus



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE



"Sometimes when I see myself on the screen, I wonder how I 'get by,'" declares Chester Conklin, one of the funniest comedians in the Triangle-Keystone contingent.

"The truth is, I never see a picture in which I appear until I've had a report on it. If it is said to be good, I go; if it is no good, I stay home.

"When folks laugh at me, I'm perfectly happy; but when I've worked like a slave to give them a laugh and they don't, I'm miserable."

Chester Conklin is as funny off the screen as on. He has an ingenuous face, with laugh wrinkles about his eyes and a half-humorous, kindly expression, which immediately wins the confidence and approval of the world at large.

A few years ago he was making the rounds of the moving picture studios in search of a regular job; also he was sharing a half pie with a friend, who divided a bottle of milk with him.

The family had visions of Chester as a minister of the gospel, but at the age of nine the now famous star decided that the only kind of a minister he wanted to be was an evangelist of the laugh.

"It may not be a very high ambition, but the only one I have ever had in my life is to be really funny," says Chester Conklin.

"It is not easy to be funny and make an audience think you are funny at the same time. Sometimes when you try as hard as you can to be funny, you don't get a laugh; and sometimes the simplest and easiest bit of business will make them roar.

"The highest compliment I have ever had paid me was when a wealthy mining man from Australia came to the Keystone studios to tell me that I had saved his life by making him laugh."

Here are a few pertinent facts about Chester Conklin:

He was born in Oskaloosa, Ia., thirty years ago.

At the age of ten years he was the star pupil in the elocution class and recited Dutch poems so well that he was taken from room to room to "show off" before the other scholars.

When he discovered that the children were laughing at him, he decided to be funny all the time—and consequently the teachers did not spare the rod.

He was said to be the homeliest boy in his town and one of the most mischievous.

When he was sixteen he joined a minstrel show and was fired at the end of two weeks.

Later he went into a stock company, and for a number of years his life was a series of road incidents, in which the managers either died or ran off with the funds or the melodramas disbanded because the people in the towns refused to spend their money.

During these years Chester occupied many of his leisure moments walking the railroad ties and receiving hand-outs from kindly disposed farmers; other moments were occupied in the enactment of the role of the villain who stole the papers and ran away with the child.

He played the clown with a circus for two summers.

For two seasons he had the role of a Dutch comedian on the vaudeville stage.

In Los Angeles, while trying to eke out an existence in the pictures, he was obliged to secure employment in an iron factory, where he juggled pig iron and received two promotions.

He is an excellent horseman and can ride a bucking bronco or a roaring bull with equal ease.

Chester Conklin has received too many hard knocks to let success go to his head, and now that he is on Easy Street, he is appreciative and thoughtful of others less fortunate..

He has a charming home in Los Angeles and has recently purchased a 320-acre ranch on the Mojave desert, which he says is going to be worth its weight in gold in a few years.

With his growing popularity as a Triangle-Keystone funny man, Chester Conklin to-day counts his friends by the hundreds of thousands, and the fans in the moving picture theaters of the world are constantly on the lookout for his appearance. A flash of Walrus on the screen always gets a laugh.





PARAMOUNT

Mrs. Nanny Goat is mighty sorry she picked a sea trip for a vacation. As far as she can judge—

#### A Judge Becomes a Screen Actor For a Day

LINDA A. GRIFFITH, film star and wife of the well-known David W. Griffith, tells how Frank Powell and his company pressed into service of the screen the whole judicial machinery of Augusta, Ga.

There is a court room down in Augusta quite unlike any other in the country—a great, big room, inclosed almost entirely in glass and admirably suited to motion pictures, because it can be photographed in daylight. And not only that, but there is a quaint old judge down there, whose sole aim in life seems to be to help people—prisoners, friends and screen actors alike.

So when Judge Marion Reynolds invited Mr. Powell to bring his company down to get the big court-room scene for his forthcoming picture, "Charity," and offered not only to take part himself, but to enlist the services of a native jury, the city's prosecuting attorney, the court clerk, a stenographer, policemen, et al., Mr. Powell lost no time in gathering his forces and taking them for the eight-hundred-mile trip to Augusta.

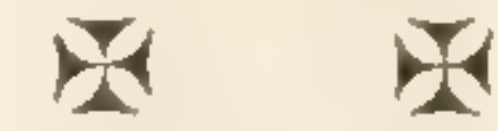
"It was the most realistic thing I ever saw," said Mrs. Griffith, who has the leading part in the new picture. "Those jurymen hung on every word we uttered and were as solemn as if they were hearing a real murder trial in which they had to bring in a verdict. One of the men was crying like a child when I finished my defense. And that lovely judge was simply splendid and real. Why, you would never guess for a moment that he was taking part in his first picture!"

#### Picking the Winner

The scene showed a married couple engaged in a "domestic conflict." The man was a very little chap, and the woman was a six-footer.

Said Pat to his friend, "Thot mon seems to be riled up."

"Yis," was the reply; "but Oi am thinking thot she will soon settle him."

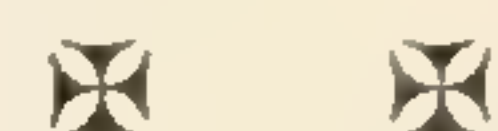


#### No Material Evidence

The scene showed a close-up view of an opera box. Several women were half-dressed, as usual.

"I think those gowns they are wearing are a regular crime!" said Mrs. Tiff to her husband.

"They may be crimes," was the answer, "but there is very little evidence to prove it."

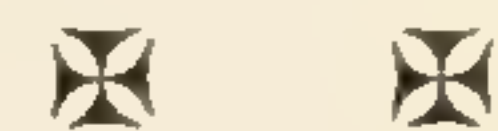


#### A Fisher of Men

"Is the star fond of fancy work?" asked inquisitive Miss Paul

Of her friend upon whom she was making a call.

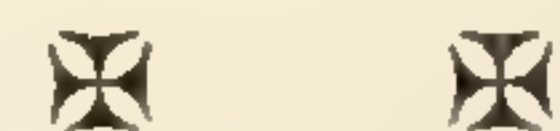
"Yes, indeed," was the answer. "Since girlhood began She's been weaving a net to capture a man."



#### A Well-known Brand

Teacher—If you saw a picture featuring the night raiders, suppose you make a sentence about them.

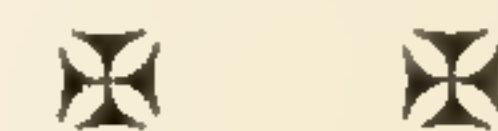
Tommy—My mother bought a bottle of poison to kill the "night raiders."



#### Touch and Go

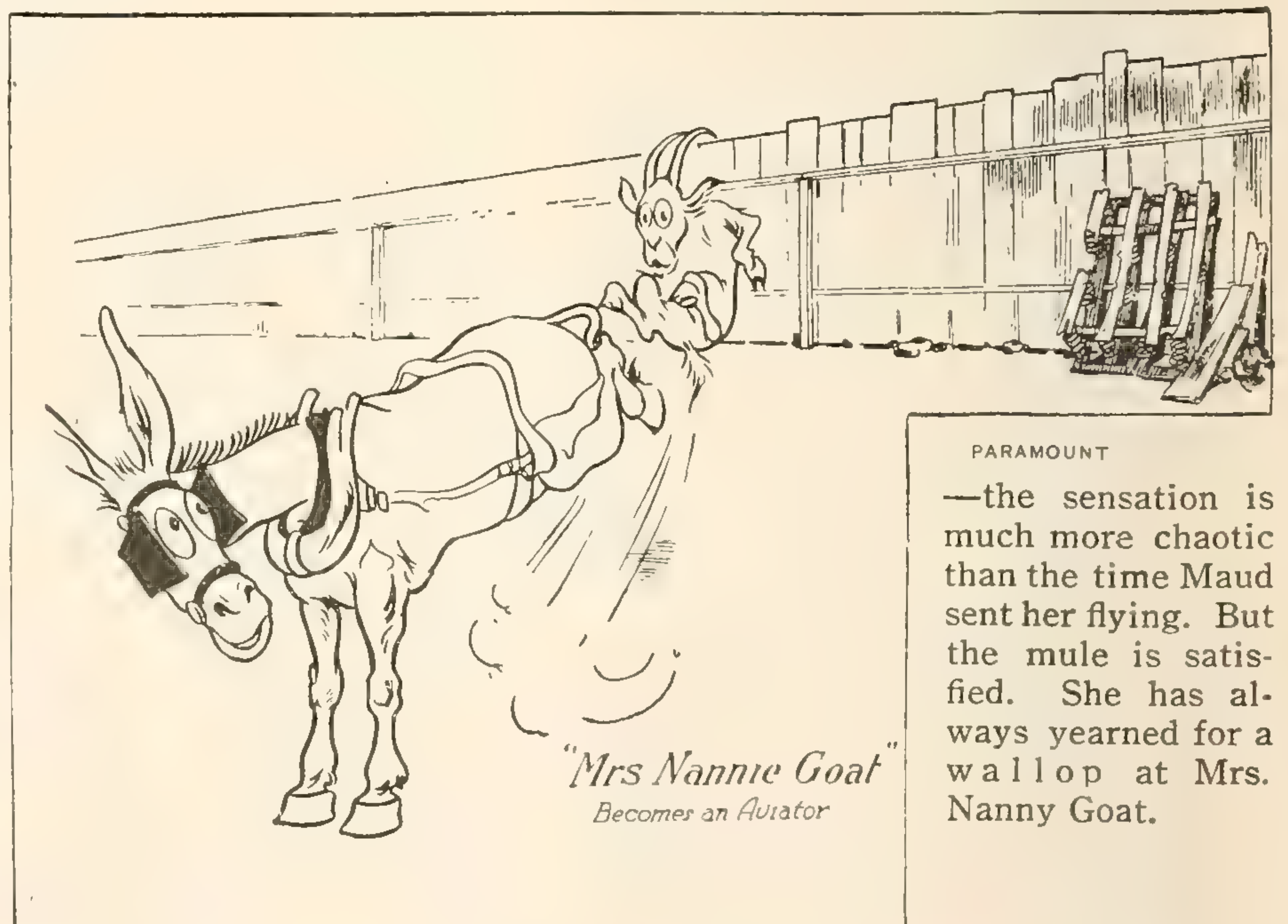
Knick—Has that actor a sense of touch?

Knack—Yes; he knows just whom to strike.



#### The Film Hero's Lament

If marriages were made in heaven,  
Of them there'd be no dearth;  
But nine times out of eleven,  
Movie stars want the earth.



PARAMOUNT

—the sensation is much more chaotic than the time Maud sent her flying. But the mule is satisfied. She has always yearned for a wallop at Mrs. Nanny Goat.



# Filmville Portraits

## The Film Wife



**I**F HER Husband Drinks to Repletion and employs the Furniture for Epithets, or spends his evenings risking her Frugal Savings on the Green Baize, while the Dining Table at Home wears a Between Meals look at all hours, she is considered a Desirable Person to know. If he patronizes the Cabaret Caverns and lets the Taximeter suit itself for the benefit of Young Ladies from the Footlight Belt, she is considered eligible for the Exclusive Thursday Evening Bridge Club.

On condition that she Start Something! The Neglected Wife who mopes herself into the Notion that a Wan Smile and a Wistful Look are sufficient punishment for a Centrifugal Husband is the Target for Community Scorn. Higher Education for women includes Target Practice with Domestic Missiles and is expected to teach them to sound the riot call without the Knee Bend.

When she prefers not to trail him through the White Light Zone, escorted by a Sense of Duty and an Automatic Forty-five, the Resourceful Wife has other Persuasive Methods. If her disposition is naturally quiet, she can accidentally poison the Youngest Child just as Hubby is hurrying in for a Clean Collar and the Change from Baby's Bank. Filmville is patient with Husbands who ramble, but applies the Storage Stare to one who is so Careless of the Proprieties as to Sidestep Reform after this bit of Family Byplay.

The Neglected Wife's Pet Trick, however, is to learn her Husband's Own Game and play him to a Semicolon. She accomplishes this by letting the Handsome Chauffeur from the Next Block promise to bring her back before Dark, and seeing to it that he takes the Line of Macadam over which Hubby's Taxi is speeding just round the next Curve. Filmville never cares how she knows which Road to take, so long as she takes it.

It is a Sumptuous Shock when Hubby turns round and sees who is Honking in his wake. Several Seconds of Vista slip into Retrospect as the two Machines leap through the Landscape on the Wings of Mutual Jealousy. It looks like a Dead Heat till the Taxi fails to observe the Sharp Curve Ahead Sign and skids into the Wayside Clematis.

The Lady in the Taxi beats a perturbed retreat, leaving the Neglected Wife to bind her Shattered Husband into portable form and command the Handsome Chauffeur to throw all the levers into Gear until they reach the Family Doctor. Filmville Wives have more faith in this Simple Episode than in Threats of Alimony for the cure of Marital Eccentricity.

When a Filmville Husband wishes to avoid this form of Recall, he hunts for a Secluded Exit and bids Family Life a Quiet Farewell. This leaves his Wife

with no Resource but the Installment Man's Altruism, but it promotes her several Notches in Filmville's Esteem. Filmville has learned that to sneer at Social By-products not only is Poor Form, but may be Premature.

The Deserted Wife repines briefly but earnestly at the Crib of her Sleeping Infant, after which she takes the Usual Precautions before the Mirror and goes out to Scan the Industrial Horizon for signs of an Early Future. Her First Duty is to resist the Lure of the Limousine and other Epicurean Temptations, which leaves her Fancy Free to edge her way into the Unskilled Labor Market. She seizes Opportunity in the form of a Floor Scrubbing Job with graphic gratitude, and if it happens to be in the Local Trolley Magnate's Private Office Building, she resolves to give Opportunity a Lift.

Filmville never knows whether she intentionally shoves her Pail of Scouring Solution into the Magnate's Path or whether she is so intent on retaining the Pay-roll's Friendship that she fails to notice his Preoccupied Approach. In either case her Intuitive Sympathy for the Soap Sudsed Victim causes him to take a Second Look, which reminds him that he has not yet engaged a Successor to the Private Secretary who is luckily leaving. Only Foolish Question Marks would insist on further hints as to the Deserted Wife's choice of a Business Career.

Several Years pass abruptly but prosperously at this point. Then the Magnate bustles into his Office to inquire what work his Efficient Secretary has outlined for the day. She replies by opening the Door to admit the Applicants for Motormen's Jobs. All Filmville Job Hunters apply directly to the President of the Company in his Private Office, this being the Efficiency Engineer's way of preventing Unnecessary Running Around.

The Secretary's task is to scrutinize each Candidate, rejecting the Weak Brothers with a firm wave of the hand. She has Clockwork faded to the Ragtime Class, until a Slouching Figure in a battered hat lines up against the Rail. Then she shrinks convulsively and pantomimes a Stethoscopic Tremor. The Shabby Applicant does not recognize his wife amid all this Prosperity, until she wheezes a dismayed "You!" at which he gives an Able Bodied Start and realizes that he has collided with Fate.

While he is registering Supplication, her Face stages an Exhibition of Scorn, Yearning, Pity and Other Points of View. When the magnate calls for her Verdict on the Next in Line, Filmville waits breathlessly, prepared to cheer whichever Faction of her Emotions wins the Struggle, and the Thursday Evening Club arranges to have her give a Talk at the next Gentleman's Night on Sentiment in Business—pro or con, as she deems appropriate.



Walter S. Ball.





“AT LAST we have some attention from the regular highbrows,” said the Film Fan, pulling a pamphlet from his pocket. “I see here a notice from the Society of Pictorial Education, that has been organized to introduce really fine historical and geographical pictures to the millions of picture fans who crowd the theaters daily.”

“I know some of those chaps,” agreed his friend. “They are on the right track, too. They went over to the Sulgrave Manor, George Washington’s ancestral home in England, and filmed a wonderful series of historical pictures, correct in every detail. The men behind it have money and leisure and an appreciation of the best of everything in art and drama. But, unfortunately, they had but one print of these pictures, and the property in which they were stored was burned, and the films with it. Now they are doing it all over again.”

The Film Fan stared.

“As far as I can see, this pamphlet of theirs sets forth the basis of a mighty big undertaking,” he said. “They point out that, while the motion picture has heretofore been looked upon more or less as an entertainment merely, it has also a wonderful function in utilizing the field that exists for an industrial education which will interest as well as instruct.”

“Another ‘uplift’ movement, I suppose,” grunted the Grouch. The only people who are reformed in movements of this sort are the people who are behind the ‘uplift’ movement.”

“Not so,” said the Film Fan. “These men behind this project are a sensible lot. They have formed a business corporation, known as the National Art Film Association, with a managing director who can combine business ability with an artistic direction.”

“Humph!” said the Grouch. “Let me tell you something. When the majority of fans demand clean, instructive pictures and refuse to patronize the prurient, cheap and unattractive picture houses, then we will have a lasting reform in motion pictures. Hear me?”

“Cheer up!” responded the Film Fan genially. “You have a mean disposition. It would do you good to see a picture comedy now and then. Let me tell you the results of my interview with the Kansas Board of Censors about these kissing rules they are talking of adopting out there.

“How about those kissing rules?” asked the Friend, with interest. “Anything about kissing interests me.”

“You see, the board of screen ruling comprises the attorney-general, the governor and the secretary of state. Charlie Sessions usually draws the job of representing

Governor Capper, and Mr. Brewster, the attorney-general, sends one of his numerous assistants, while Tom Botkin generally passes his duty around his office mates.

“The screen kisses have caused almost as much of a rumpus in Kansas as they did in Ohio. Mr. Brewster is willing to give the screen kiss at least half a chance and has proposed what you might call a sliding scale.

“‘Now,’ says Mr. Brewster to me, when we earnestly discussed it over a cup of tea in one of Topeka’s most recherche tea rooms, ‘I’m willing to allow that a first kiss ought to have about three feet, remembering and recalling that one foot of film means one second of time on the screen. That gives one second, which is plenty long enough for a first or stolen kiss. A regular sweetheart kiss, such as one would want to bestow at parting, might run fifteen feet.’

“‘How about a married kiss?’ I said to him, says I. ‘Does a married kiss get any show on the screen?’

“‘Well,’ says Charlie Sessions, who was in on the party, ‘if any screen chap yearns to kiss his own wife, let him have as much as six feet—say, running up to twenty feet during the first year and sliding back to six during the first ten years. One foot would be plenty any time after that.’

“‘Now, here’s this ‘soul kiss,’” says Tom Botkin dubiously. ‘What about that? Seems to me it’s these “soul kisses” that we hear most about.’

“‘Give ‘em sixty-eight feet,’ said Brewster enthusiastically.

“Sessions was more conservative.

“‘Twenty-five feet on the screen is long enough,’ he decided. ‘That gives ‘em twenty-five seconds. On the screen, understand, that is enough. What do you say, Tom?’

“‘I prefer not to say,’ returned Brother Botkin primly. ‘You and Brewster, as men of experience, can settle this matter between yourselves. Officially, I would bar all “soul kisses.”’

“‘How about these vampire kisses?’ I said. ‘Is Kansas going to stand by and take no position on vampire kisses?’

“‘Remember,’ implored Brewster, ‘that we have suffrage in Kansas now. We can’t go too thoroughly into this kissing business. The women will get down on us whichever way we decide. If we say no kissing, our wives will roast us; and if we declare for unlimited kissing, they will entertain suspicions of us for weeks. A board of censors in a suffrage State has no easy row to hoe.’

“‘Well,’ I says, ‘here’s a long list you haven’t touched on. Here’s the baby kiss——’

“‘Let ‘em go as far as they like on the babies,’ they agreed. ‘We’re for them.’

“‘Here’s the wifely kiss, the Christmas kiss, the “touch” kiss—and how about the dog kiss? How long does a woman have to kiss her dear, darling little doggie?’

“‘Meeting’s adjourned,’ says Brewster, getting up in disgust. ‘Those dog kisses may go in other States, but, mark you, sir, our Kansas women don’t go in much for dogs. Any dog kisses will be barred by this board of censors, sir.’”



# Become Wonderful in Health—Wonderful in Vitality and Wonderful in Efficiency for Your Own Advantage Through Conscious Evolution.

*Cells are wonderful beings. They are the creators of the plants, the trees, the fruit, the vegetables. They create the corn, the wheat, the apples. They are the creators of the rose, the lily, the violet and other flowers—they are the creators of everything living in the sea—they are the creators of whales, sharks, porpoises and all fish. Through the activity of cells, the coral beds of the ocean are made. They are the creators of all animal life—they are the creators of you. They create your organs and the foundation of your mind.*

*Billions of cells are within your body working for you. They are remaking your heart, your lungs, your nerves, your digestive system, your muscles, your brain—in fact, they are busy constantly reconstructing your entire body. You will be a better human machine—possess a better body and mind if you cultivate these cells—if, in other words, you give your cells greater energy and a greater opportunity as well as a better and more persistent reason for improving every tissue, every organ and every part of the body.*

*Is not corn better when cultivated? Does not the farmer improve his wheat through cultivation? Is not fruit improved through culture? Are not flowers made more beautiful through conscious effort? Do we not have better horses and even better pigs through cultivation?*

*Since all these things are true, it is also true, and much more important that you can easily make yourself better through improving the individual units or cells of the body.*

*The Swoboda System, through applying the principle of Evolution to the cells of the body produces new human beings, new and better hearts, new and better lungs, new and better organs, new and better nerves, new and better brains, and, therefore, keener and more efficient mind.*

## What Others Have to Say:

*"One year ago I was an old man at forty; today I am a youth at forty-one."*

*"I must state that the principle of your system is the most scientific, and at the same time the simplest, I have ever heard. You do not misrepresent one single word in your advertising."*

*"Just think of it, five weeks ago I was ashamed of my physique; today I am almost proud of it. I am delighted with Conscious Evolution."*

*"Fourteen years ago at the age of 63 I was an old man; today at the age of 82 I am the marvel of my friends; I am younger than most men at 40. Your system gave me a new lease on life."*

*"Last week I had a reading of my blood pressure, and was gratified to learn that it was fully ten points below the previous reading. This was a surprise to me as well as to my physician, who did not believe that my blood pressure could be reduced because of my advanced age."*

*"Doctors told me I had hardening of the arteries and high blood pressure. They advised me against exercise. Conscious Evolution reduced my blood pressure and made a new man of me."*

*"The beauty of your whole advertisement is that every word of it is the truth. Your system is the most wonderful in the world; it gave me new energy, strength and life; in other words, it made a new man of me. I have been an advocate of your system since the first day I used it; I have withstood a mental strain during the past year which would have broken my health had it not been for your system."*

*"Can't describe the satisfaction I feel."*

*"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."*

*"I have been enabled by your system to do work of mental character previously impossible for me."*

*"I was very skeptical, now I am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds."*

*"The very first lessons began to work magic. In my gratitude I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda.'"*

*"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts both to body and brain."*

*"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."*

*"I cannot recommend your system too highly, and without flattery believe that its propagation has been a great benefit to the health of the country."*

*"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."*

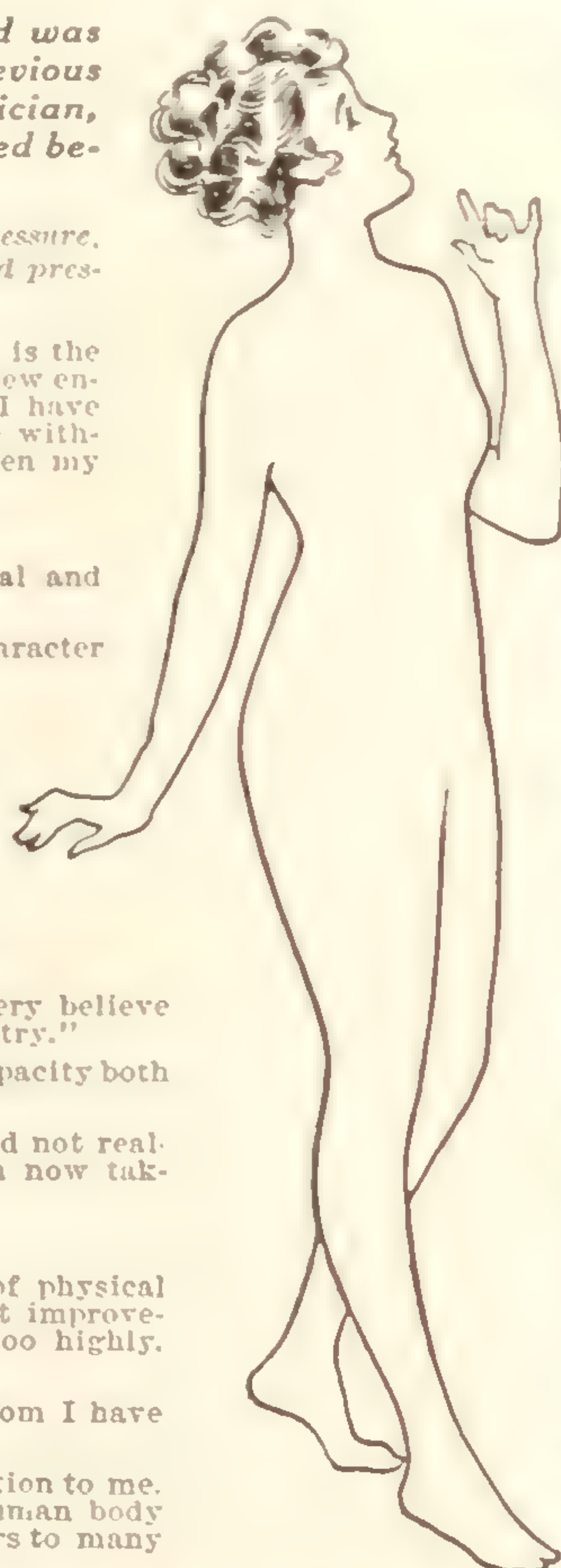
*"I have heard your system highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."*

*"Your system developed me most wonderfully."*

*"I think your system is wonderful. I thought I was in the best of physical health before I wrote for your course, but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I cannot recommend your system too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to me."*

*"You know more about the human body than any man with whom I have ever come in contact personally or otherwise."*

*"Your diagnosis and explanation of my brain trouble was a revelation to me. I have had the best physicians of my State, but your grasp of the human body exceeds anything I have ever heard or known. I have read your letters to many people, also to my physicians, who marvel at them."*



My new copyrighted book explains the Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution and the human body, as it has never been explained before. It also explains my new and unique theory of the body and mind. It will startle, educate and enlighten you.

My book tells you in a highly interesting and simple manner just what you, as an intelligent human being, have, no doubt, always wanted to know about your body and your mind.

My book will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course. The information which it imparts cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities for you through conscious evolution of your cells; it explains my discoveries and what they are doing for men and women. Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles which I have discovered and which I disclose in my book. It tells what Conscious Evolution means and what it may do for you. It also explains the DANGERS and AFTER EFFECTS OF EXERCISE and EXCESSIVE DEEP BREATHING.

My book explains the cause of HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE and HARDENING OF THE ARTERIES, as well as OLD AGE conditions, and how to overcome them.

I offer my system on a basis which makes it impossible for anyone to lose a single penny. My guarantee is startling, specific, positive, fraud-proof, and just as any honest person would naturally desire it to be.

Write for my FREE BOOK and full particulars today before it slips your mind. Make up your mind to at least learn the facts concerning the SWOBODA SYSTEM OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION for men and women.

If you have reached your present stage of evolution without conscious effort, consider what your possibilities are through an intelligent and conscious use of the principles of evolution. My booklet will set you to thinking.

**ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 1961 Aeolian Building, New York City, N. Y.**

*What is said of the Swoboda System, no doubt, sounds too good to be true. Swoboda, however, has a proposition of which you should know and which will, no doubt, prove to you that nothing said about Conscious and Creative Evolution in Film Fun is too good to be true.*





## DON'T YOU LIKE

My Eyelashes  
and Eyebrows?

You can have the same

**LASHNEEN**

A Hair Food

Applied once each day, will absolutely produce thick and long eyebrows and eyelashes. Easy to apply—sure in results. Lashneen is an Oriental formula. One box is all you will need. Not sold at Druggists. Mailed on receipt of 25c coin and two cents postage, or Canadian money order.

**Beware of Imitations!**

**LASHNEEN COMPANY (Dept. 25) Philadelphia**

## HERE'S GOOD LUCK



A Horseshoe Nail, made of Solid Sterling Silver, formed into a ring, is set with an elegant synthetic Ruby, and mounted with a miniature Gold-filled Horseshoe. This makes a most unique and handsome ring. \$2.50 value. Your name for our mailing list and 68c (stamps accepted) brings you this artistic Emblem of Good Luck. All sizes for Ladies and Gents. Money back Guarantee.

**ARKENAU CO.**

524 45th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Hotel Labels

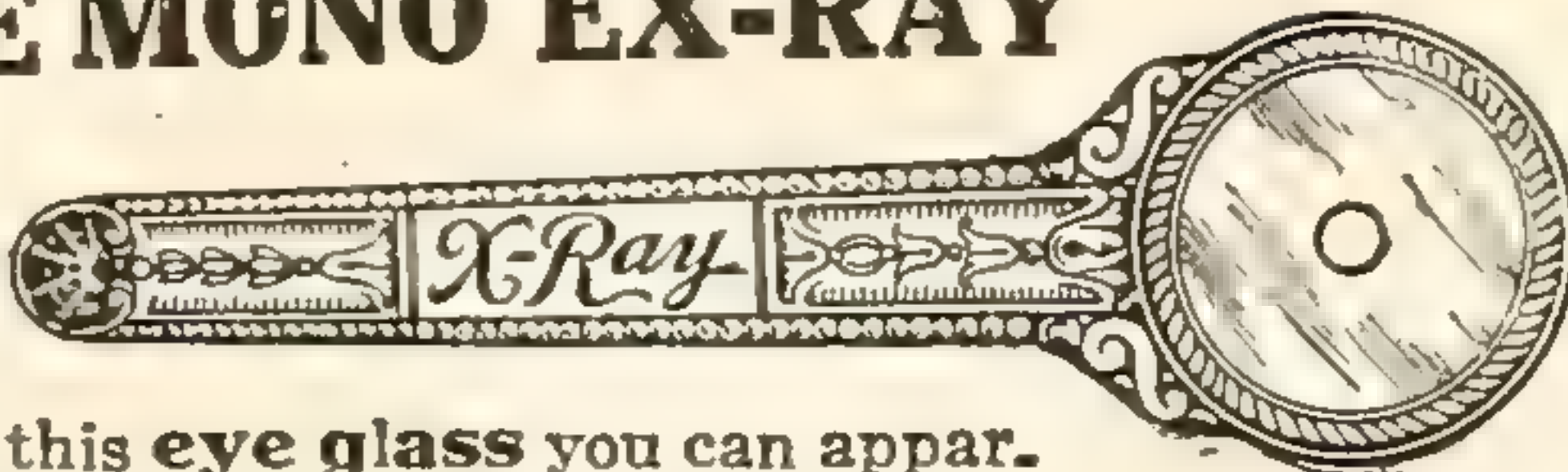


50 assorted genuine hotel baggage labels from U. S., Canada and Mexican hotels. Sent for \$1.00, 20 for 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**American Label Co. Janesville, Wis.**

## THE MONO EX-RAY

10  
cts



With this eye glass you can apparently see thro cloth or wood, see the bones in the body, makes the flesh look transparent. A wonderful optical illusion. By mail 10 cts. Stamps or coin. The Ardee Co. Box 206 Stamford Conn.

## Write Moving Picture Plays Short Stories and Poems

\$10 to \$300 Each

—Constant demand. Devote all or spare time. Correspondence course is NOT required. Start work at once. Details FREE.

**Atlas Publishing Co.,**  
343 Atlas Building, Cincinnati, O.

## Be an Artist

Comics, Cartoons, Commercial, Newspaper and Magazine Illustrating. Pastel and Crayon Portraits. Earn \$25 to \$200 a week. By our simple method your talent is quickly developed without interfering with present work.

By Mail or Local Classes. Small sums you now fritter away pay your tuition. Write for terms, list of successful pupils and instruction method FREE. **ASSOCIATED ART STUDIOS 2209 Flatiron Building, New York**

## \$50 to \$100 Weekly

Writing moving picture plays in spare time. Great demand. YOU can write them. We show you how. Experience not necessary. Send for free booklet of valuable information and special Prize Offer. **Chicago Photo-playright College, Box 278-67, Chicago**



**200 KINDS** Iron, Wood  
Wire & Steel  
**PUZZLES**

2 wire leaders and trick card. 10 cents.

**WESTERN PUZZLE WORKS**  
Dept. K. ST. PAUL, MINN.

## \$—Old Coins Wanted—\$

\$4.25 EACH paid for U. S. Flying Eagle Cents dated 1856 \$2 to \$500 EACH paid for hundreds of Coins dated before 1910. Send TEN cents at once for our New Illustrated Coin Value Book, size 4 x 7. It may mean your fortune. Get posted. **CLARKE COIN CO., Box 26, LE ROY, N. Y.**

## Who's Who and Where

Ethel Teare's return to the Ham and Bud combination was celebrated by a dinner and dance at the Kalem Hollywood studio that has set new records for gala festivity.



Four-o'clock tea at the studio has become the accepted thing at many of the Jacksonville studios since the arrival of Ivy Close, the famous English beauty, at the Kalem studio there.



The most important action taken by the Chicago convention of motion picture people was the indorsement of a federation of all motion picture branches to be known as The National Association of the Motion Picture Industry.



Margaret Gibson is the star of "Destiny's Boomerang," the Centaur offering of the week from the David Horsley studios. In this drama of modern society, Miss Gibson is supported by William Clifford and a large company of players.



Master Jack Curtis, a seven-year-old prodigy of the speaking stage, has been cast for an important role in "The House of Mirrors," a five-act Mutual masterpiece, de luxe edition, featuring Frank Mills, noted star of the stage and the screen.



Robert Ross, assistant director for William Fox, has served three years in the United States army. When the State militia was being sent to the border, Ross said,

"I'll go, but I want a commission."

"What per cent.?" asked one of the camera men.



The Ohio clubwomen have come right out in the open and assert that censorship is a failure. Miss Bertelle Lyttle, chairman of the civics committee of the Cleveland federation admits that the failure of the censorship plan was the reason for the better film movement started by the Ohio clubwomen, who have begun a campaign for education in pictures.



Recently Jessie Arnold, leading woman of Universal Films, attended a Chinese banquet, given in her honor.

Everything about the banquet was native. Miss Arnold is having her gown cleaned—she could not manipulate the chop sticks, and as a result seventy-five per cent. of the food found its way to her lap.



A man who calls himself a plain "cowman" recently submitted a scenario of Western life, for which he expressed a desire that the American Film Company remit him \$2, as he guessed "that is about all it is worth." As a matter of fact, the story was better than some submitted by experienced scenario writers.



To get the proper atmosphere for a newspaper story, "The Rummy," Wilfred Lucas, Fine Arts star, has been running to fires and generally imitating the actions of real reporters. A few nights ago he spent several hours, in the very early morning, watching the "making up" of one of the large daily papers.



Ben Turpin recently caused a near-panic in the streets of Hollywood, when he became entangled with the rear end of a street car, thereby losing a goodly part of his personal adornment and suffering much humiliation on account of the scarcity of clothes. However, Mr. Turpin managed to gain the shelter of a doorway before the traffic became entirely blocked.



Valentine Grant, the Famous Players star, has written the scenario for her next picture, "Jean of the Heather." She wrote the play while on a recent trip to her home in Seattle. It was suggested to her by a visit from an old Scotch nurse, who was telling stories of the old days in Scotland. Miss Grant has searched a continent to get just the right costumes for this play and has been fortunate in obtaining an entire Scotch wardrobe.



The substitution of paper rolls for celluloid films in moving picture machines is made possible by the new "cold" light discovered by the French engineer, Doussaud, who has been working on this problem for many years. The light obtained by his method is so intense that it is possible to throw images from newspaper illus-



trations, picture postcards and photographic prints on a screen even in a lighted room as clearly and sharply as if they were glass lantern slides.



George Fawcett, Selig star, is the despair of his family, for he simply will not "dress up" in fashionable garments.



The Universal Film Company announces the engagement of Miss Claire McDowell, well known as a film actress, especially for her work as a member of the Biograph Company.



George D. Proctor, former editor of the *Motion Picture News* and a scenario writer of note, is now at the Lasky studio in California, at work on a new production for the Paramount program.



Pat Rooney, under the direction of Roy Clements, is working in his new comedy, "Some Medicine Man," written by Eugene W. Lewis, the head of the scenario department at Universal City.



Fred Thomson is putting the finishing touches on the photoplay in which E. H. Sothorn will make his bow to photoplay audiences. When this is completed, Mr. Thomson will begin work on a French drama by Paul Kester.



Marc MacDermott, of the Vitagraph, refuses to play any more dual roles. He says the last time he appeared in a dual role, an old lady told him that she liked the man who played his brother much better than she did Marc.



Mount Lassen, according to interested observers, has just pulled off Episode No. 123 in its series of eruptions. This is somewhat depressing to the Balboa "house of serials," which up to the time Mount Lassen went into the serial game, was almost the whole thing.



T. Tamamoto, the character actor, has enlisted with the William Fox forces and is now busy as a Japanese valet in a forthcoming photoplay. Because of the difficulty of pronouncing his name, the men about the studio always referred to Mr. Tamamoto affectionately as "Tomato."

"All right," the actor said, "so long as you don't can me."

Edwin Thanouser has engaged Miss Marie Shotwell, a former Frohman star, to appear in several features that will be released through Pathe. Miss Shotwell was for several years in the Lyceum stock company. She is perhaps best known for her work in "The Lion and the Mouse." Miss Shotwell will be starred in a play in which she plays an Italian girl, part angel, part devil.



Mr. W. N. Selig arrived in Los Angeles from Chicago the other day, accompanied by Colin Campbell, who had remained in Chicago to superintend the cutting of his feature, "The Crisis." Mr. Selig will personally supervise the plans for the filming of the next big Selig spectacular feature, "The Garden of Allah," which will be produced in California under the direction of Colin Campbell.



Hughie Mack claims the championship on sleep and offers to meet all comers in a sleeping contest. He says he can fall asleep quicker and sleep louder than any contestant. He also claims that he can outsnore any two men. A wait on a scene does not bother Hughie. He picks the soft side of a board and slumbers peacefully until he is called. He fell asleep the other day while he was lighting a cigarette, and he claims that beats all records.



Bertram Grassby, who has a prominent part in the new Universal serial, "Liberty—A Daughter of the U. S. A.," probably changes from mustache to beard, to clean-shaven face, then back to mustache again more frequently than any man in pictures. Many a youngster would envy the quickness with which Grassby can grow a facial adornment. Grassby in three days recently produced a mustache for his part in the serial, after having appeared clean shaven in a preceding scene.



George Fisher, bathing and enjoying himself on the beach at Ocean Park, Cal., never would be recognized as the impressive figure of The Christus in the Ince masterpiece, "Civilization." Fisher's reverent handling of the difficult role has given the impression to many who have seen it of an ascetic, austere man of dignity. While Fisher



**\$2.50 a Month**

The master-piece of watch manufacture—adjusted to the second, positions, temperature and isochronism. Encased at factory into your choice of the exquisite new watch cases.

**19 Jewel Burlington**

*All sizes for both men and women.*  
The great Burlington Watch sent on simple request. Pay at rate of \$2.50 a month. You get the watch at the same price even the wholesale jeweler must pay.

**Write Today for Free Watch Book**  
See handsome color illustrations of all the newest designs in watches that you have to choose from. Your name and address on a postcard is enough. Get this offer while it lasts. Write today.

Burlington Watch Co. Dept. 1596 19th & Marshall Blvd. Chicago

## LEARN MUSIC AT HOME!

**SPECIAL OFFER—EASY LESSONS FREE—Piano, Organ, Violin, Banjo, Mandolin, Guitar, Cornet, Harp, Cello, or to sing.** You pay only for music and postage—which is small. No extras. Beginners or advanced pupils. Plain, simple, systematic. Free lectures each course. 16 years success. Start at once. Send your name and get free booklet by return mail. Address: U.S. School of Music, Box 214, 225 5th Ave., N.Y. City



Boys, grab this latest scream—Charlie Chaplin comic squirt pin. Fastens on coat lapel, rubber hose attached to squeeze ball filled with water concealed. Every boy comes to see DOPY, mash squeeze ball, a fine stream of water squirts in his face. Huge uproar ensues. Order one today and get your share of this big fun. Sent postpaid for 15c coin only.

THE UNIVERSAL NOVELTY CO.,  
Call Box B1390 Jacksonville, Fla.

**Pay as You Wish**

Wear a genuine Lachnite for 10 full days. Put it to every diamond test. If you can tell it from a diamond send it back at our expense. If you decide to buy pay only a few cents a month. Write for catalog.

**Set In Solid Gold**  
Lachnite Gems keep their dazzling fire forever. Cut by diamond cutters. Stand diamond tests—fire—acid and cut glass. Write today for new jewelry book—free.

HAROLD LACHMAN CO.  
Dept. 1596, 12 N. Michigan Av., Chicago



**MAGIC TRICKS**

Let us send you two clever card tricks—puzzling to your audience, yet easy to do. Also booklets illustrating numerous Magic and Card Tricks. All For 10¢. We have a selected number of new Card Tricks Sent for 10¢ postpaid.

THE MAGIC SHOP 54 N. 13th St. Phila., Pa.

## Incorporate Your Business In Arizona

Least cost. Greatest advantages. Cost not affected by amount of capital. Transact business and keep books anywhere. Stock made full-paid and non-assessable by using our forms. Laws, blanks and directions free. Special forms prepared without charge.

Stoddard Incorporating Company, Box 8N, Phoenix, Arizona  
Branch Office: Van Nuys Building, Los Angeles, California

**MAGIC SCHOOLS POCKET TRICK FREE**

Illustrated Catalogue Included.  
Send 6 Cents In Stamps

MAGIC CO., Sta., 5, 249 W. 38th St., NEW YORK

**WRITE FOR MONEY**

Send us your ideas for Photoplays, Stories, etc. We will accept them in ANY form—correct FREE—sell on commission. BIG REWARDS! Hundreds making money. So can YOU! Write today for full details.

Writer's Selling Service 28 Main Auburn, N.Y.

## PHOTOGRAPHS FOR YOUR DEN!

Girls in Bathing Costumes.  
Sets of 20, size 5x7, for \$2.00. Sample 25c. Sets of 12, postcard size, 75c. Sample 10c. Money back if dissatisfied.

A. D. TINKLEPAUGH,  
2440 5th Ave. South F2, Minneapolis, Minn.





## "THE SHOCK ABSORBER"

This picture, in full colors, 9x12, just as it appears on the cover of the May 20th Judge, has been prepared, free from all printing, mounted on a heavy double mat ready for frame.

It will be sent post paid on receipt of twenty-five cents.

JUDGE ART PRINT  
DEPARTMENT

225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

### YOU CAN HAVE BEAUTIFUL EYELASHES AND BROWS

(just like mine). EYEBROW-INE, a hair food stimulates the quick growth to perfect, heavy, long, Luxuriant LASHES and BROWS, adding 100 per cent. to your beauty, charm and attractiveness. EYEBROW-INE is absolutely harmless—sure in results. EYEBROW-INE mailed in plain sealed cover on receipt of price 25c. 50c or \$1.

REES MFG. CO., 952 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia.



### LIFE IN THE HOME

If you are fond of having pretty pictures in every room, send for our new booklet, and free samples of

#### Moore Push-Pins

Push-less Hangers and other Push Devices which will help you beautify your home.

Moore Push-Pins, glass heads, steel points } 10c pkts.

Moore Push-less Hangers, the hanger with } at good dealers or by mail.

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Dept. 26, Philadelphia.



### My Eyelashes and Eyebrows are BEAUTIFUL now

But they were very short and thin before I started using

#### NOVITA

You can see what it has done for me. Novita, if applied each night, will do the same for YOU. Easy to apply—sure in results. Not sold at druggists, but mailed on receipt of 25c coin and 2c for postage.

ZENTHON CO.,  
Dept. 6, Minneapolis, Minn.

### I Will Typewrite Your Photoplay,

Legal Matters, Letters, or anything that can be typewritten, for 5c hundred words, or 40c per thousand. Extra copies 3c per thousand words. Send for estimate on your requirements.

F. J. BENNETT, 70½ Grand St., Newburgh, N. Y.

is dignified, he is nothing if not athletic, and each morning, before going to the N. Y. M. P. studios, has a swim in the surf of the Pacific in front of his hotel.



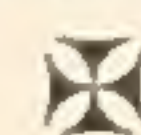
Anita Stewart is ill at Bayshore, Long Island, with typhoid fever. Sincerest hopes from all for her early recovery.



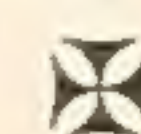
Scott Sidney has been added to the producing staff at the Bosworth, Inc., studio. His initial production will be a five-reel feature, with Leonore Ulrich as his star.



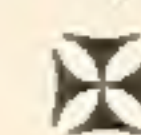
Bessie Barriscale is under contract and has been working continuously with the Ince Company at the Fine Arts studio, in spite of statements or rumors that she was at liberty.



Kolb and Dill invade heaven in "A Million for Mary," a comedy from the pen of Aaron Hoffman, being done for Mutual under the direction of Rea Berger. An aerial ballet of feathery angels hovers in the background.



For the first time during his twenty-six years in theatricals, William A. Brady is enjoying quiet moments out of business hours. He has taken a villa at Stamford, Conn., and with his wife, Grace George, is spending a few hours a day midst the hum of the bees.



William Wright, of the Kalem Company, says morbid pictures are on the wane, and that clean, virile and healthy pictures will come into their own within the next few months. He holds that picture patrons are weary of the sex and psychological pictures of recent times.

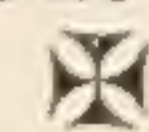


Valkyrien (Baroness Dewitz), who is the star of Thanrouser's "Hidden Valley," which is to be released by Pathe, once was named as the most perfectly formed girl in Denmark. The contest was conducted by the government, so the ballot boxes were not stuffed.



The blowing up of a locomotive while it is moving at high speed will be a part of "The Manager of the B. and A.," a Signal-Mutual Star production, featuring Helen Holmes. Following the explosion, fire spreads to the surrounding woodlands, creating a

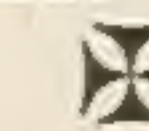
forest fire. Rewards of \$250 each were paid to the three men whose presence in the locomotive was essential. These men remained in the engine cab to almost the last moment, trusting to luck to get away without injury.



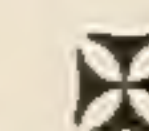
The British Board of Film Censors has recently submitted its annual report. In the past year this board has examined 4,767 films and rejected only 22 in entirety. Eliminations, of course, have been ordered. Fully 90 per cent. of the films submitted for children have been approved.



"The Adventures of My Lady Raffles." This is to be the keyname of a new series in which Grace Cunard and Francis Ford will star, now that "Peg o' the Ring" has been completed. Each one of the series will be a different story, yet a masterstory will run through the whole serial. Grace is to start as a society girl, and becomes a Lady Raffles through pique. She has to be a crook, in the story, to gain the attention of Ford, who has a Sphinx-like role of a man who never smiles and seldom speaks.



Betty Shannon, one of the best publicity writers in New York City, has annoyed her friends considerably by announcing her change of base to Chicago. In private life she is Mrs. Terry Ramsey, and Mr. Terry Ramsey is publicity director of the Mutual Film Company, the publicity of which has taken considerable of a boost for the better since Mr. Ramsey took hold of it. With the removal of the Mutual editorial offices to Chicago, it will take from New York two of its best publicity writers in Mr. and Mrs. Terry Ramsey.



All stars have to make a debut some time, else it is self-evident they would never become stars. Little Mary Sunshine, the four-year-old "Baby Grand" star of the Balboa Company, made her debut in a speaking part at a church entertainment when she was a toddler of two. Everybody was getting ready for the big doings, and the embryo star got excited about it. Presently she demanded a part and raised such a rough-house that she was assigned the line, "I am the bread of life." When her time came to speak, she stepped confidently forward and declaimed, "I am a loaf of bread."



# EVERY STORY JUST AS THRILLING AS YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE PLAY

AND TOLD BY THE SUPREME MAS-  
TER OF THE STORY TELLING ART

Among all the great authors whose stories have entertained, fascinated and inspired readers of all ages, there is one who stands head and shoulders above them all—

## Robert Louis Stevenson

Another Brunswick Bargain for PROMPT Buyers

**6**  
Volumes

Cloth Binding  
Gold Decorations  
Large Clear Type

Over  
250  
Titles

Novels  
Short Stories  
Essays, Poems

Only  
**\$1.74**  
For the Set

### Entrancing Stories of Adventure, Mystery and Travel—

of gold-belted sailors and bristling buccaneers, of piracy and hidden treasure, of shipwreck, of dark deeds on the lonely beaches of spice-scented Isles in Southern Seas—of swaggering blades and brawls, with glimpses of shady quarters of European capitals—if you love stories of the sort that will take you out of yourself—make you forget the humdrum 20th Century with its stale commonplace diversions—then you will devour every one of these volumes of Robert Louis Stevenson from cover to cover.

But the closest scrutiny will fail to reveal an unclean thought or suggestive line anywhere in Stevenson. His men are men of Nature's own stamp—sudden and quick in quarrel, mayhap, but men of the sort that appeal to manly men. And as a story teller Stevenson is a master of style and art that defies imitation.



### Secure Your Set NOW AT A REAL BARGAIN PRICE

There is no anniversary occasion for which these volumes are not appropriate as gifts. What would tickle your boy's fancy more than "Treasure Island?" For the younger children there is the rare "A Child's Garden of Verses," in which Stevenson catches the beautiful spirit of childhood in a way that no other author, save Dickens, has ever approached. Whatever in life or nature Stevenson touched, he described with a familiar realism that invested the creations of his fancy with the potency and charm of actuality.

### ORDER TO-DAY

The complete set is only \$1.74, delivered at your door—if you are prompt

FF9

Brunswick Subscription Co., 449 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

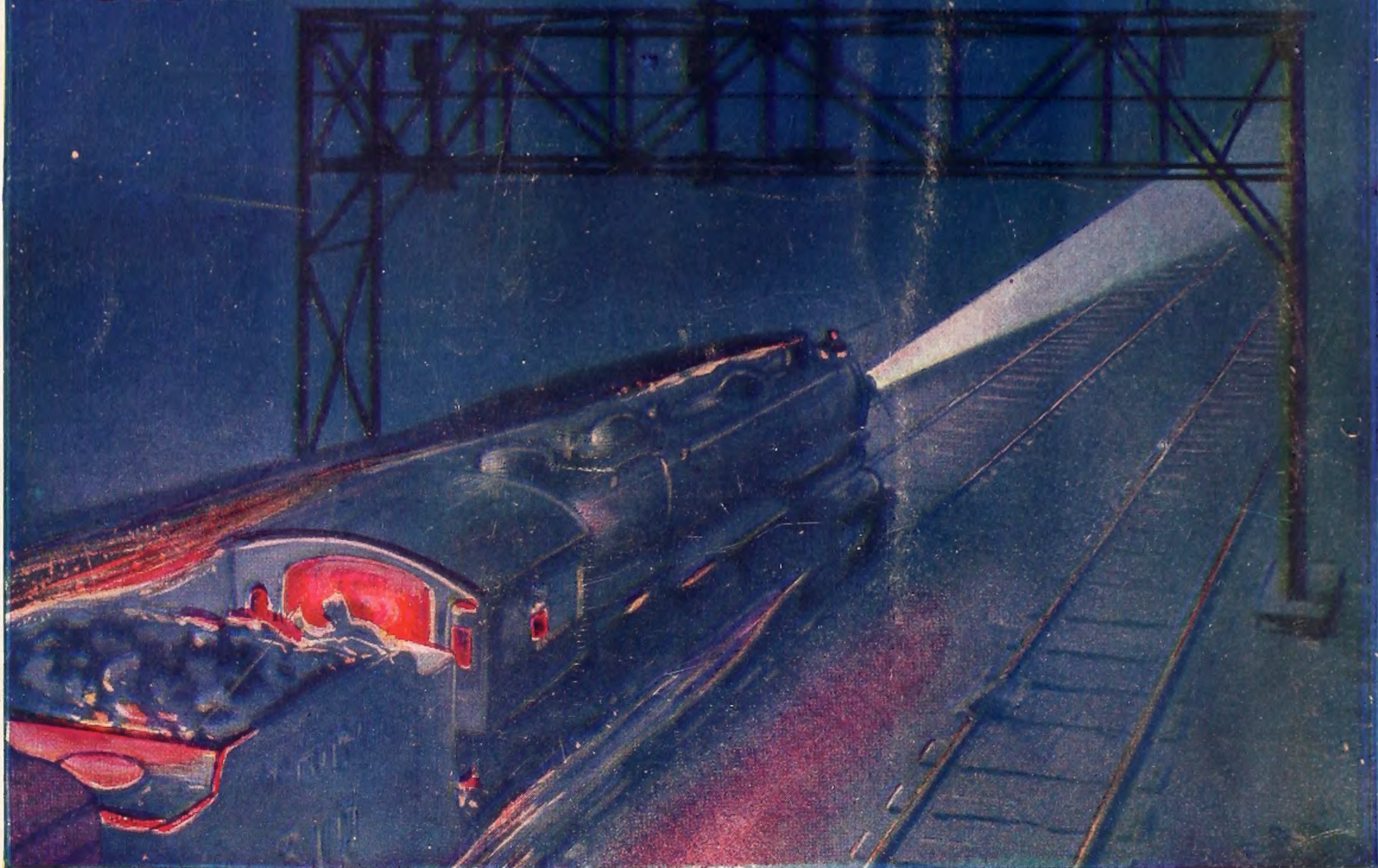
Enclosed find \$1.74, in full payment for the six-volume set of Stevenson. Send books, carriage prepaid, to

Name .....

Address.....  
Canada, Postage Extra.



**Send the  
Coupon  
Below**



**\$125 to \$300 a Month**

**SEND** the coupon below and find out about the opportunities in the profession of Signal Engineering. Big salaries are being paid. \$125 to \$300 a month is an ordinary salary for the man who has the proper training. You can get just this kind of training right in your own home—during your spare time. We need men. Send the coupon for the book that tells you all about it. You owe it to yourself to find out about the opportunities that are offered to you. Send the coupon now.

## **We Need Men**

The profession of Signal Engineering is calling to ambitious men. Our ranks are not over-crowded. There are opportunities—golden ones, awaiting the men who answer the call. Block Signal systems are no longer in the experimental stage. All over the country they are being installed. Some States have legislated to compel the railroads to install systems immediately. In our profession you will have the chance you have been looking for. We are calling you. Don't fail to send the coupon today for our big free Signal Book and full particulars.

### **Department of Signaling**

Dept. 3486 1810 Wilson Ave.  
Ravenswood Station, Chicago

Gentlemen:—Please send me absolutely free and prepaid your big new book on Signal Engineering. Also full particulars about your great special free outfit offer. It is distinctly understood that I assume no obligations of any kind.

## **Be a Signal Engineer!**

Be the man who gets the fat pay envelope. The profession of Signal Engineering is only in its infancy. There are thousands of miles of block signals to be installed. Signal Engineers, supervisors, inspectors and foremen are required to superintend this installation. Hundreds of maintainers and battery men are needed to maintain systems already in use.

Your duties may take you from coast to coast. Railroad men are always in a fortunate position to travel and see the world because free transportation is liberally awarded. You can accept a position where you will be located steadily at one place, if you prefer. The position of authority—the high place and the fat pay envelope may be yours. Send the coupon for the free Signal Book.

### **Two Big Outfits Free**

Complete Signal Engineer's Outfit and Complete Draftsman's Outfit given away absolutely free to our students.

## **Send Coupon for Big New Book**

Put your name and address on the coupon or on a letter or a postcard now, and send it to us. Absolutely no obligations of any kind. We will send you our big new Book, absolutely free, and prepaid. Read about this fascinating profession. Read about the opportunities that await you. The book is free. Send the coupon for it now—it's the first step toward the realization of your ambition. Get your name and address in at once.

**Department of Signaling** Room 3486 - 1810 Wilson Ave., Ravenswood Station **Chicago**

Name.....

Address.....

Age.....Occupation.....